

VOL. 8 NO. 8

Shadow COMICS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

10¢

NOVEMBER 1948



THE SHADOW
SOLVES A
20 YEAR OLD CRIME!

52 PAGES—THE THRILL BUY IN COMICS

The Shadow IN THE FOUR GIANTS OF AMSTERDAM



MMM...NO...BUT REMEMBER WHAT HE SAID?...DON'T FORGET ME...I'LL BE BACK IN *EXACTLY TWENTY YEARS* AND I'LL KILL EACH ONE OF YOU AND YOU WON'T EVEN KNOW IT!

AHHH.... WILKINS DYING TODAY WAS JUST COINCIDENCE... C'MON, FRAZIER'S WAITING!!



Y..YES...A MAN DEAD TWENTY YEARS CAN'T COME BACK....UHH!!

D..DEAD!!

L...LOOK!!!

T...THEN HE IS BACK!! THE CRIPPLE IS BACK TO KILL US ALL!!

FRAZIER... HE'S DEAD!



WE'RE NEXT, HEATH!... HE'S
GOTTEN TWO OF THE FOUR
GIANTS OF AMSTERDAM...
AND WE'RE NEXT!!

STOP IT!!... GET
A HOLD ON
YOURSELF! THIS
IS... LISTEN!!



WHISTLING!
SOMEONE'S WHISTLING
THE FATE THEME FROM
CARMEN!... IT'S HIS
WAY OF LAUGHING
AT US... HE'S
HERE!!

IT CAN'T
BE!... I....
WAIT!...
A CAR'S
COMING!

HI, MR HEATH... MR RANDOLPH...
IT'S ME... **BILL GADY**, YOUR JANITOR...
I.... WHA...?..

GADY, GIVE ME A LIFT TO **DR.
KIRSTENS**! I WANT TO FIND
OUT HOW WILKINS DIED...
AND RANDOLPH, TAKE
FRAZIER'S BODY TO
THE POLICE!

A...ALLRIGHT...



MR. FRAZIER'S BEEN
MURDERED, GADY... DO
YOU REMEMBER THAT
CRIPPLE THAT WORKED
FOR US?... HE'S COME
BACK TO CARRY OUT
HIS THREAT."

THE **CLUBFOOT**?
OH, COME, MR
HEATH, HE'S
BEEN **DEAD**
FOR **TWENTY**
YEARS!.....
HOW....??...

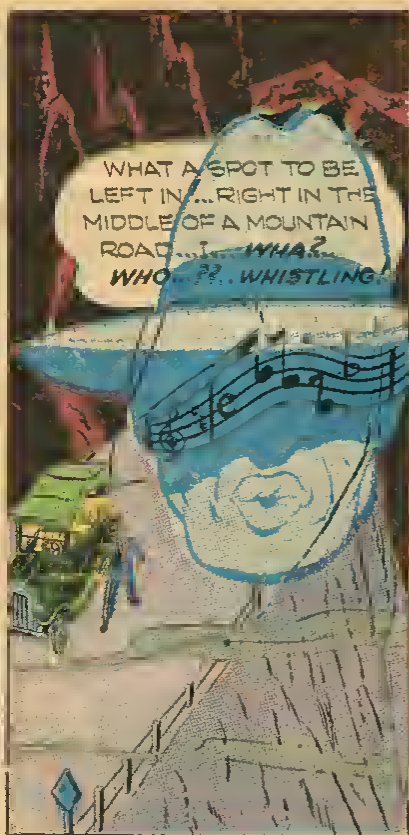
I DONT KNOW... BUT HE SAID
HE'D BE BACK ON THIS DAY
TO KILL WILKINS, FRAZIER,
RANDOLPH AND I.... THE
FOUR GIANTS OF AMSTER-
DAM.... AND TWO OF US....
WHY ARE YOU
STOPPING?

CONSERN IT!...
I'M OUT OF GAS!
YOU WAIT HERE
SIR... I'LL GO
FETCH SOME!



TUNE IN

EACH WEEK TO THE
OF THE
SHADOW



WHAT A SPOT TO BE LEFT IN... RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A MOUNTAIN ROAD... I... *WHAA?* WHO...?? WHISTLING!



SOMEONE IS WHISTLING CARMEN... *AWRRGH!!!* WHO?... THAT CLUBFOOT! NO!!! IT CAN'T BE!!

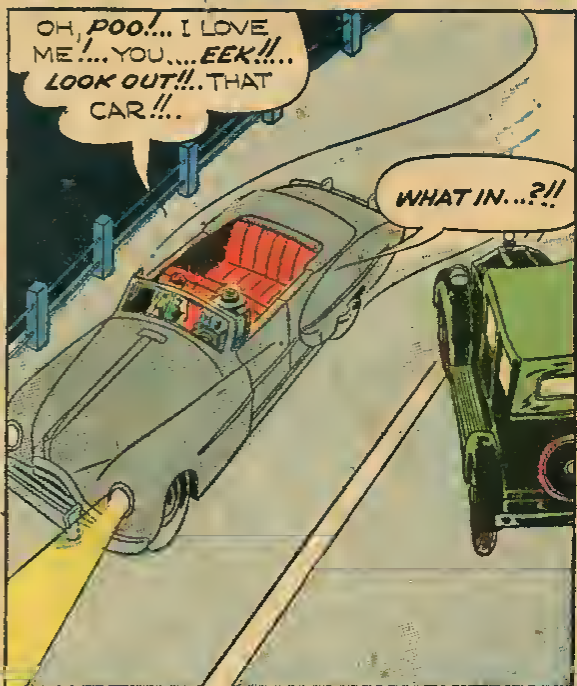


NO!!! DON'T!!! I... NO!!! *EEEEEOOW!!*



SLEEP ON THESE MOUNTAIN ROADS?... AND PROBABLY WAKE UP IN THE NEXT WORLD?... NO THANK YOU... NOT ME!!

AW, GO ON!! I'M A GREAT DRIVER... ALMOST BECAME A TAXI DRIVER ONCE... BUT IT WOULD'VE PUT ME IN THE HIGHER INCOME BRACKET!



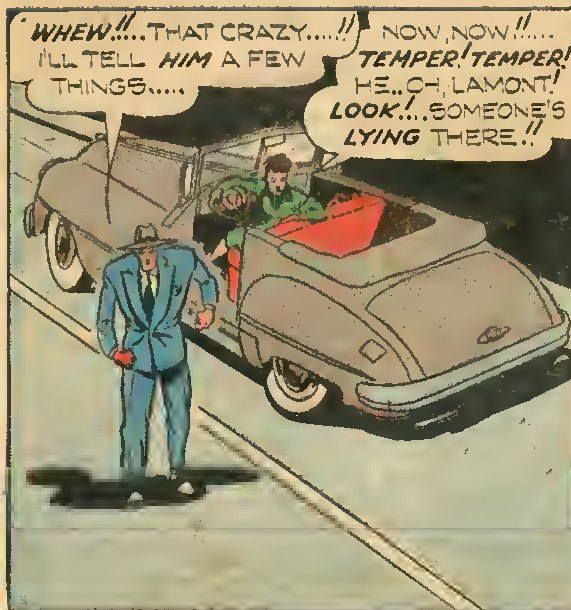
OH, *poo!*... I LOVE ME!... YOU... *EEK!!!* LOOK OUT!!! THAT CAR!!!

WHAT IN...?!!

THRILLING

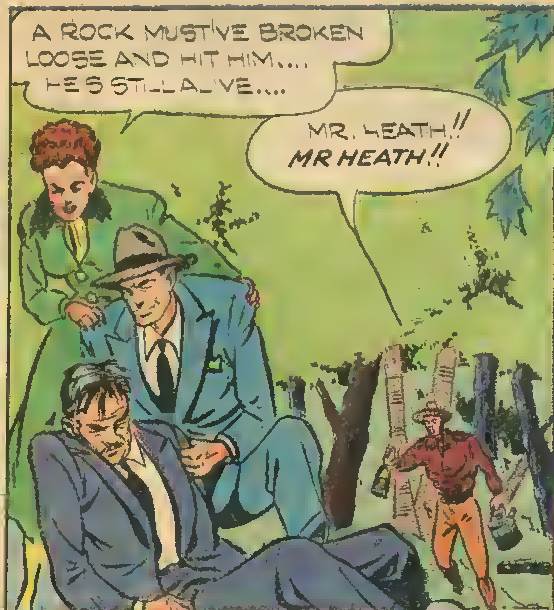
ADVENTURES

CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPERS FOR TIME AND STATION



WHEW!... THAT CRAZY!...!!
I'LL TELL HIM A FEW
THINGS!...

NOW, NOW!...!!
TEMPER! TEMPER!
HE... OH, LAMONT!
LOOK!... SOMEONE'S
LYING THERE!!



A ROCK MUST'VE BROKEN
LOOSE AND HIT HIM!...
HE'S STILL ALIVE!...

MR. HEATH!!
MR. HEATH!!



HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE!!?
WHAT'D YOU DO TO HIM?!! C'MON!
PUT UP YER HANDS!... 'N' STEP
OUT INTO TH' LIGHT!



GLADLY!... BUT I'M NOT
WORTH LOOKING AT!... WEAK
FACE, I'M TOLD!



DON'T BE SMART!... I
WANNA SEE YOU WALK!
GO ON!... WALK!!...

WHAT?!! WELL...
ALL RIGHT!...
HOW'S THIS?



OKAY!... YA CAN PUT YER
HANDS DOWN!... I THOUGHT
YA WERE CLUB FOOTED
'N'... NEVER MIND!...
C'MON, HELP ME!
OOC KIRSTEN'S
JUST OVER TH'
HILL!...

WELL, IT'S
ABOUT TIME!...
THIS POOR MAN
LYING HERE!...
AND YOU TWO PLAY
GAMES!... MEN!
HAH!!

HALF AN HOUR LATER....

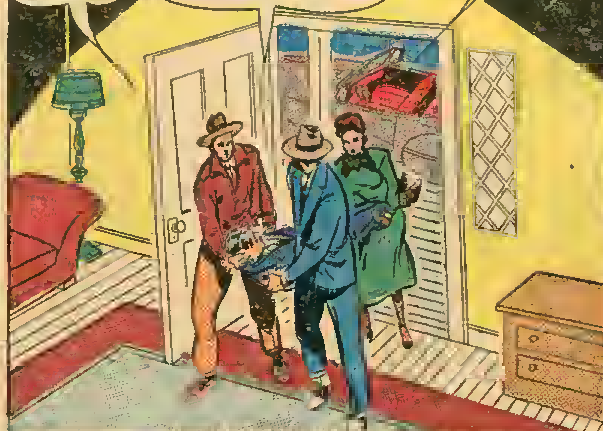
LISTEN! HE'S SAYING SOMETHING!

HIM...IT WAS HIM... HE'S COME BACK... DEAD... BUT HE'S COME BACK....

HE MUST BE DELIRIOUS!

I'M AFRAID HE ISN'T BUT... WILL YOU CALL DR. KRISTEN, SIR?... PHONE'S OUT IN TH' HALL... I'LL GET SOME COLD WATER 'N' TOWELS....

RIGHT!...



HELLO...OPERATOR....DR. KRISTEN'S HOUSE YES! HURRY....HELLO?...DR. KRISTEN?... THERE'S BEEN A **BAD ACCIDENT**....WILL YOU COME AT ONCE TO MR GADY'S PLEASE??... YES..... **THANK YOU!!!**

OH!...LAMONT... DID YOU SEE THAT **MAN** WITH THE **CLUBFOOT** OUT IN THE HALL?... THE ONE **WHISTLING CARMEN**??...

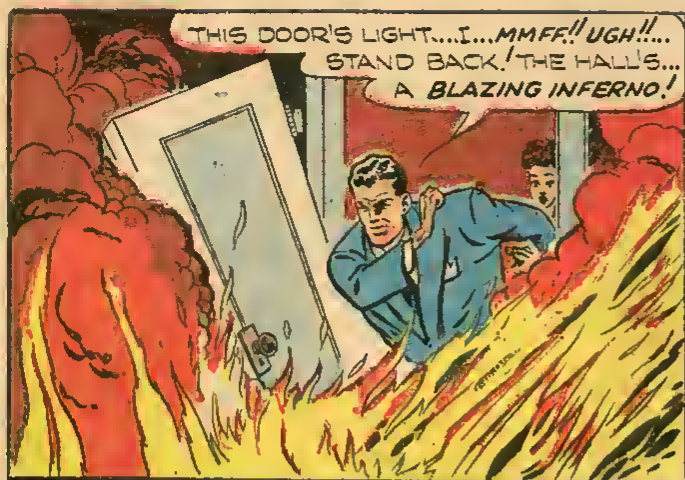
WHO?.. NO.... WHY?... WHA...?.. THE DOOR'S SLAMMED!



PROBABLY THE WIND.... I'LL... HEY!... IT'S **LOCKED!!**

L... LOOK!... UNDER THE DOOR!... **SMOKE!!**...LAMONT, THE **HOUSE IS ON FIRE..** AND....WE'RE **TRAPPED!**





THIS DOOR'S LIGHT...I...MMFF!! UGH!!!
STAND BACK! THE HALL'S...
A BLAZING INFERNO!



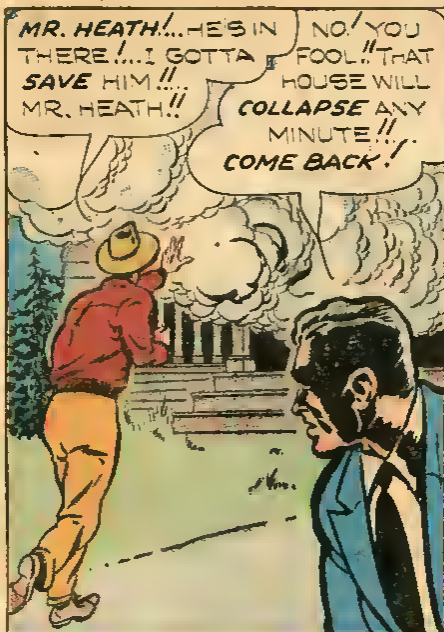
HERE!...WE'LL HAVE TO
GO THROUGH...COUGH!!
THE WINDOW...
COUGH!!...
COUGH! COUGH!!
I...I...CAN'T...
BREATHE...
COUGH!!...



SHE'S PASSED OUT....
UP YOU GO, DEAR....
COUGH!! WHEW!!!
I'LL HAVE TO
JUMP FOR
IT!!



THE CLUBFOOT! HE'S BACK!
I SAW HIM!!! HE'S
BACK FROM THE
DEAD!!



MR. HEATH!...HE'S IN THERE!...I GOTTA SAVE HIM!!
MR. HEATH!!
NO! YOU FOOL!! THAT HOUSE WILL COLLAPSE ANY MINUTE!!
COME BACK!



GADY!...COME!...!
GADY!!



LAMONT...I...WHAT HAPPENED?...



LE BONNE DEUX!...WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?!



DR. KIRSTEN?...IT'S NO USE..GADY AND HEATH...IN THERE....
C'EST FINIS! L'HORRIBLE! POOR GADY!...HE WAS ZE GOOD MAN...HE WAS ONCE SUCCESSFUL BUT HAD FALLEN ON ZE HARD TIMES...YESTERDAY HE WAS IN MY OFFEECE FOR ZE CHECK-UP AND TO-DAY....POOF!! HE'S GONE!
...AND M'SIEU HEATH....



THE WHAT?...
THREE OF THE FOUR GIANTS OF AMSTERDAM ARE DEAD...

OH...ZAT IS THE NAME THE CEETIZENS HERE GAVE TO ZE FIRM OF **WILKINS, HEATH, RANDOLPH AND FRAZIER**...AND **THREE** OF ZEM 'AVE MET THEIR **DEATHS** SINCE THIS MORNING!... ONLY **MR RANDOLPH** EEZ LEFT AND HE CALLED ME ZAT HE ISN'T FEELING WELL...NOTHING CAN BE DONE HERE...I WEEEL, NOTIFY ZE **GENDARMERIE** AND GO SEE **RANDOLPH**... YOU WEEESH TO **ACCOMPANY** ME?...

WHY... NO...

THANK YOU, DOCTOR... **GOOD BYE!**

GOSH!! IT'S PUZZLING!!

THAT'S FOR SURE!...AND I THINK IT'S TIME FOR MR RANDOLPH, THE LAST OF THE **FOUR GIANTS OF AMSTERDAM, TO RECEIVE A CALL FROM **THE SHADOW**!!**

REMEMBAIR...TO-MORROW AT SEVEN-THIRTY IN MY OFFEECE! BON NUIT!!

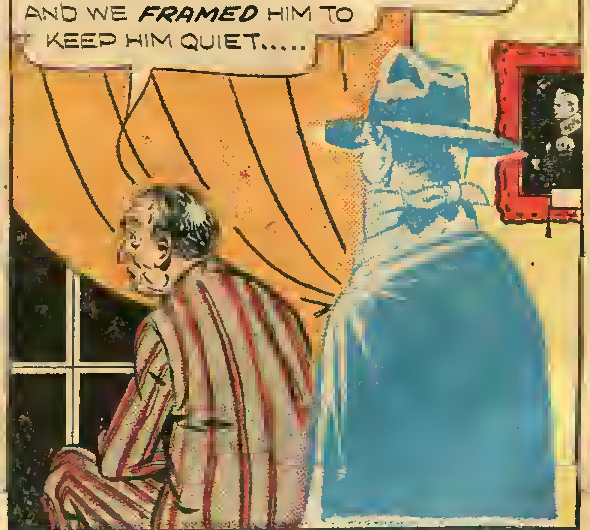
GOODNIGHT, DOCTOR... T...THANK YOU



I'M THE LAST ONE LEFT... I'M NEXT...OH, **WHY** O'D WE DO IT?...I... **UH!! THAT LAUGH!... WHO...??**

THE SHADOW IS HERE TO **HELP** YOU...BUT FIRST, WHO IS **THE CRIPPLE?!**

HE...HE WAS A CLUB-FOOTED YOUNG CHAD NAMED **BARKER**, THAT WORKED FOR US TWENTY YEARS AGO... HE FOUNO OUT ABOUT OUR **ILLEGAL OPERATIONS** AND WE **FRAMED** HIM TO **KEEP HIM QUIET.....**



THEN WE OFFERED HIM A TRIP TO EUROPE ABOARD A TRAMP STEAMER... AND SENT ALONG A **THUG** TO **PUSH HIM OVERBOARD...** HE... HIS MAIMED BODY WAS WASHED UP ON THE BEACH SHORTLY AFTER.....



THAT WAS **TWENTY YEARS** AGO, YET... YET HE HAS **COME BACK** AND HE'S KILLING US OFF ONE BY ONE... **I'M NEXT... I KNOW IT!!!**



I WILL HELP YOU ESCAPE DEATH, RANDOLPH, BUT I WILL SEE THAT YOU PAY FOR YOUR TWENTY YEAR OLD CRIME AGAINST BARKER!!

BE AT KIRSTEN'S OFFICE AS HE DIRECTED, BUT IN THE MEANTIME, 'PHONE THE POLICE AND TELL THEM TO SMASH IN THE DOCTOR'S DOOR AT **EXACTLY 7:45...** AND NOW **REMEMBER... THE SHADOW IS WATCHING YOU, RANDOLPH... THE SHADOW KNOWS!**



THE NEXT MORNING....

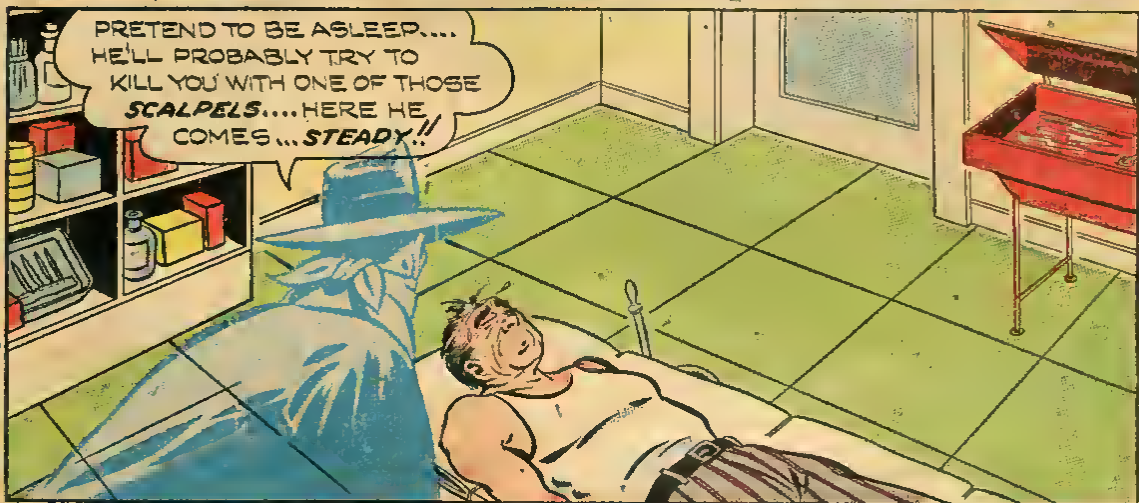


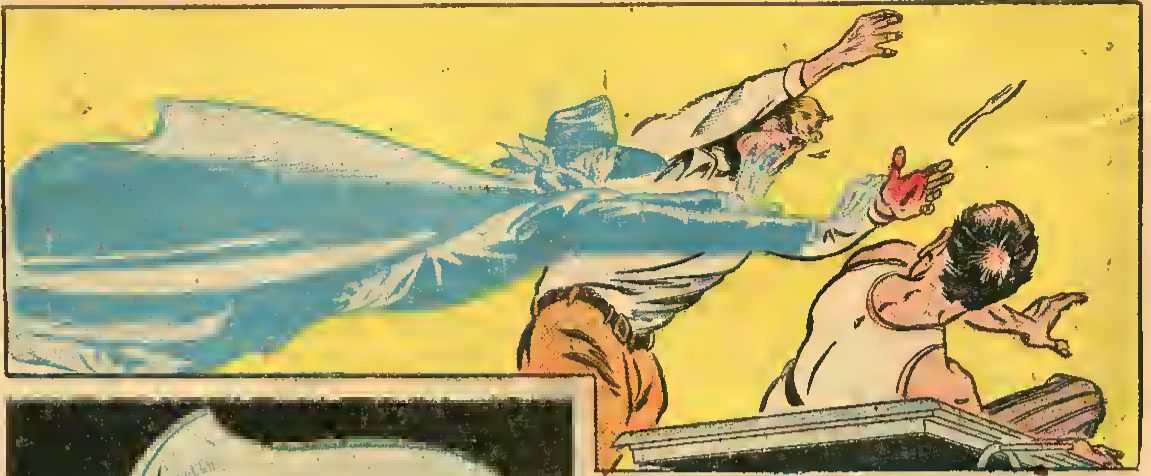
JUST LIE DOWN ON ZAT TABLE... I WILL BE RIGHT BACK!...

DON'T LEAVE ME... I.... DON'T....

NONSENSE, M'SIEU I... WHA...?? DO AS HE SAYS, RANDOLPH...
JUST RELAX.... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK....







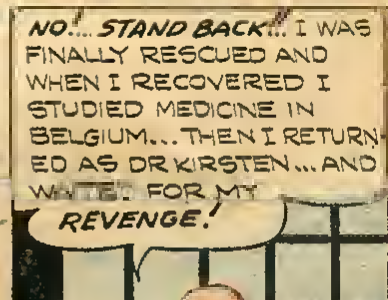
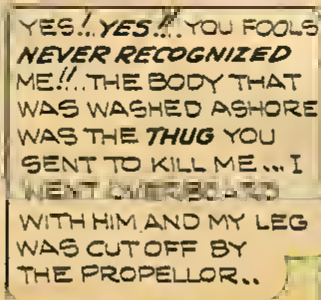
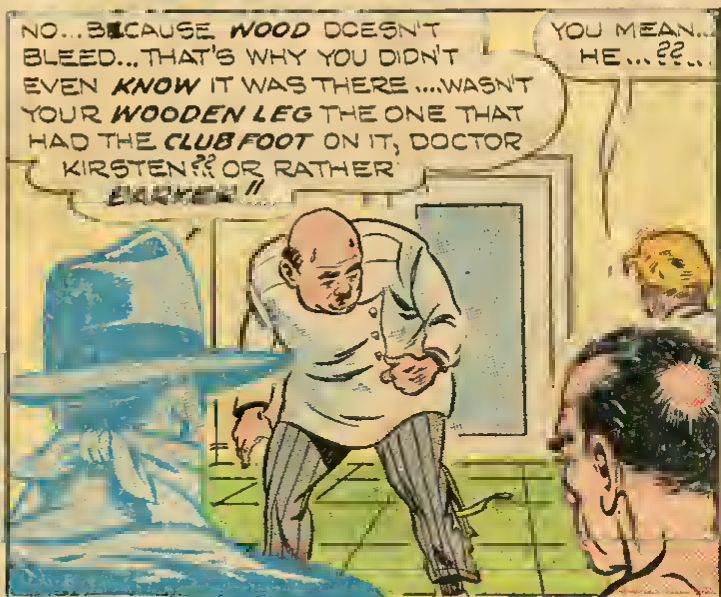
NOW THEN...LET'S SEE WHO YOU ARE **WELL!!!** **BECAUSE I HATED THEM.**
BILL GADY!!! **THAT'S WHY!! ONCE**
WHY...??... **I WAS THE FIFTH GIANT**
BUT THEY GANGED UP
ON ME BROKE ME! AND
THEN GAVE ME THE
JOB OF JANITOR....



I USED THE TRICK OF THE **CLUB FOOTED CRIPPLE** BECAUSE I WAS ONE OF THE GIANTS WHO SENT HIM TO HIS DEATH ...IT MADE A **GOOD DISGUISE....** **AND I WASN'T**
BURNED TO
DEATH IN THE
HOUSE BECAUSE I
RAN OUT THE BACK
BEFORE IT
COLLAPSED..

THOUGH IN ANY CASE **...BUT I WAS**
I DIDN'T CARE...I HAVE **SO WRONG,**
LESS THAN A WEEK TO **GADY..I RE -**
LIVE ANYHOW... **CHECKED YOUR**
DR KIRSTEN **CHARTS AND YOU WILL**
SAID SO.... ***LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO**
HANG FOR YOUR CRIMES!





...AND YOU USED ME TO GET IT....

YES, GADY...I KNEW YOU HATED THEM AND ONLY FEAR OF DEATH KEPT YOU FROM KILLING THEM... THAT'S WHY I DELIBERATELY SAID YOU HAD LESS THAN A WEEK TO LIVE....



NOW, I'M GOING TO FINISH THE JOB...I'M GOING, RANDOLPH AND GADY, AND BOTH OF YOU ARE GOING WITH ME.... NOW I... OOF!!

YOU TALK TOO MUCH FELLA!



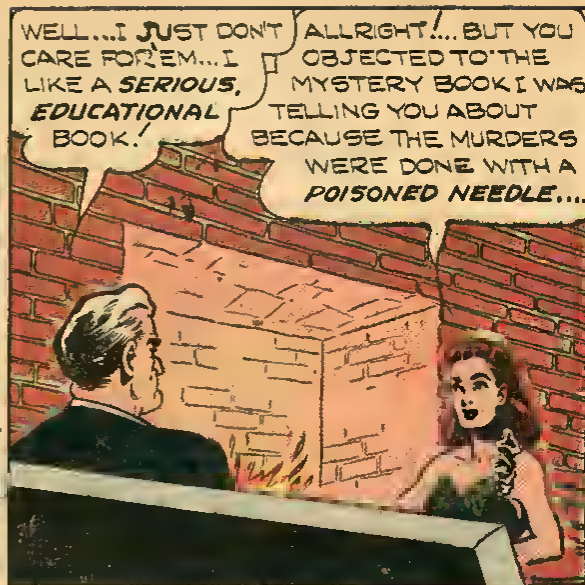
BUT THIS SHOULD SHUT YOU UP!

YAKETY-YAKETY YAK!!!



AH!!! THERE'S THE POLICE....AND FOR ALL OF YOU IT'S THE END OF THE FOUR GIANTS OF AMSTERDAM!!





DOC Savage

THE

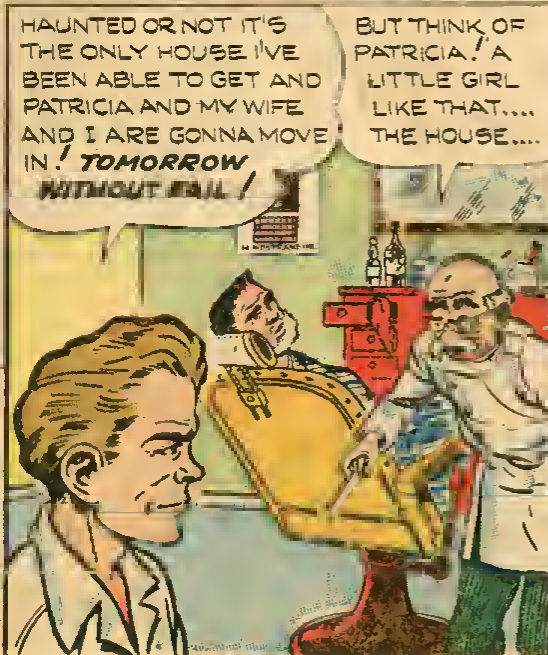
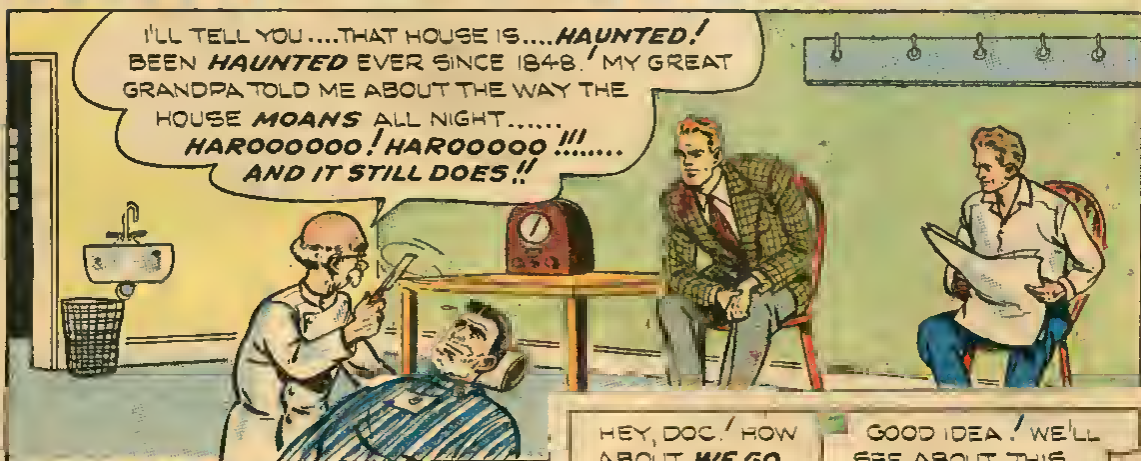
BOTTLE GHOST™

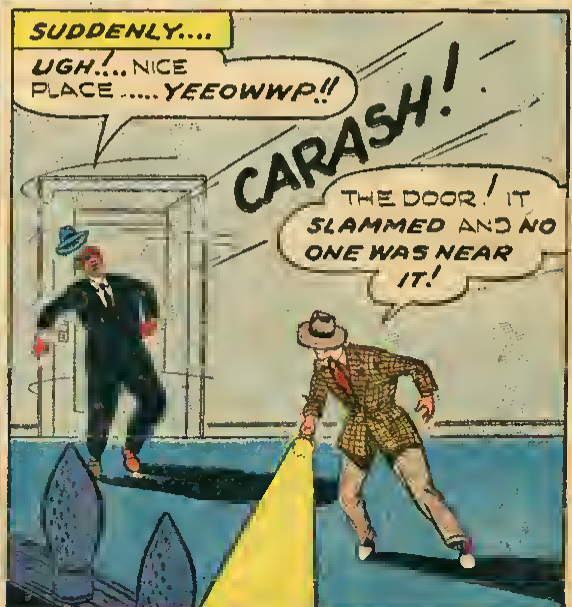
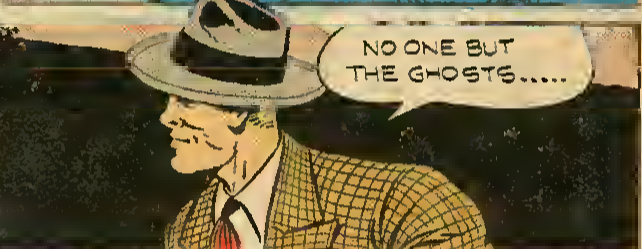


Powell

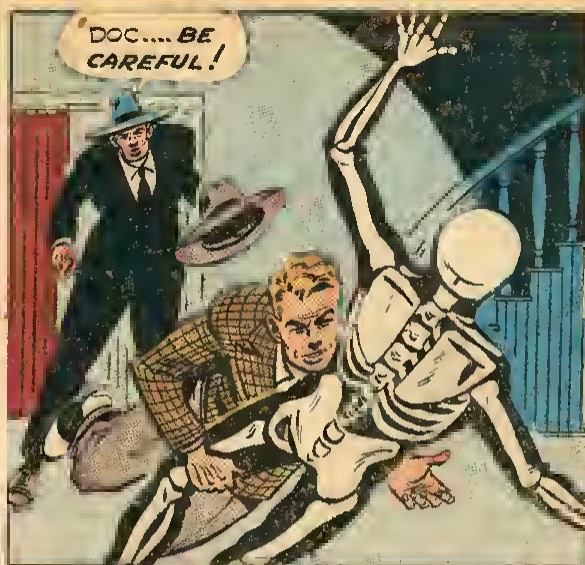


OF COURSE DOC SAVAGE DOESN'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS ANYMORE THAN MONK DOES.... BUT THERE WAS THE HISTORIC RECORD OF THAT ANCIENT DOOMED HOUSE... A HISTORY THAT WENT BACK A HUNDRED YEARS.... THE GHOST HAD BEEN AT LARGE FOR ALL THOSE YEARS....









DOC.... BE CAREFUL!



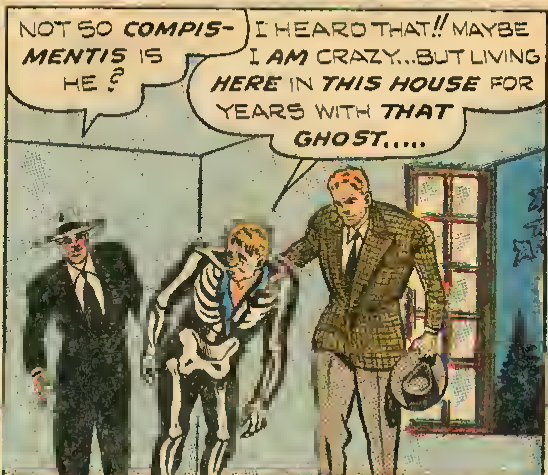
KIND OF A RIDICULOUS GHOST, ISN'T IT?

WHY IT'S JUST A BLACK SUIT WITH A SKELETON PAINTED ON IT!!



DON'T DRAFT ME !!!... PLEASE! DON'T MAKE ME GO IN THE ARMY!

ARE YOU KIDDING? THE WAR'S BEEN OVER FOR YEARS!



NOT SO COMPIS- MENTIS IS HE?

I HEARD THAT!! MAYBE I AM CRAZY... BUT LIVING HERE IN THIS HOUSE FOR YEARS WITH THAT GHOST....



WHAT GHOST? YOU'RE THE GHOST! WHO YOU RIBBING!?

OH SURE! I WEAR THIS SUIT TO SCARE PEOPLE AND I MAKE THE DOORS AND WINDOWS RATTLE AND CLOSE.... BUT THERE'S A REAL GHOST HERE!!



HAROOOOO!! HAROOOOOO!!

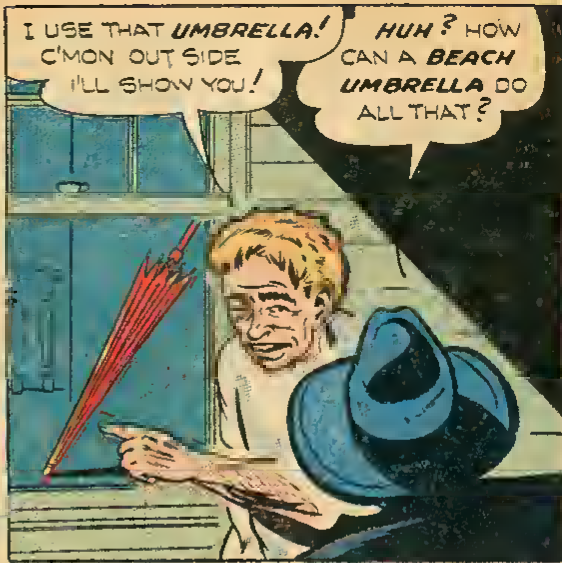
LISTEN!! DON'T YOU HEAR IT? I'M NOT DOING THAT.... IT'S THE HOUSE!!

HMMM... A HAUNTED GHOST!!



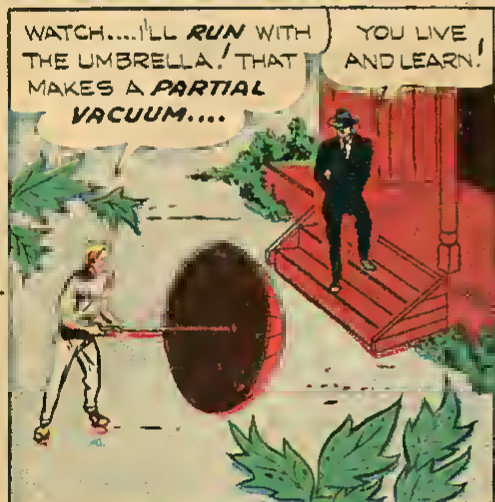
LET ME FOLLOW THIS UP!

YOU SAID YOU MADE THE DOORS CLOSE AND THE WINDOWS RATTLE! HOW?



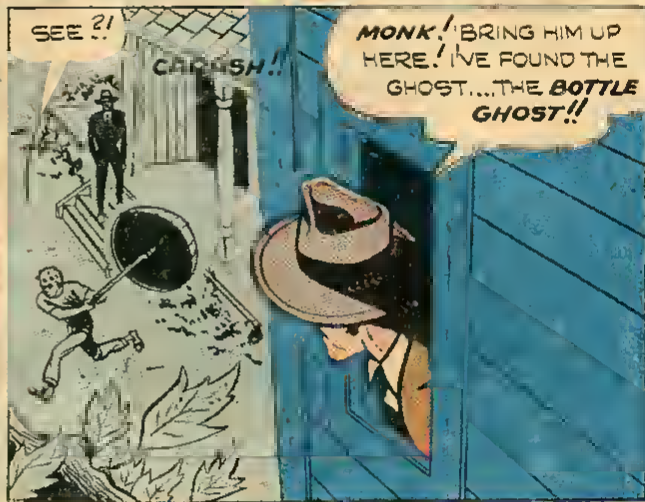
I USE THAT **UMBRELLA!** C'MON OUT SIDE I'LL SHOW YOU!

HUH? HOW CAN A **BEACH UMBRELLA** DO ALL THAT?



WATCH....I'LL **RUN** WITH THE **UMBRELLA!** THAT MAKES A **PARTIAL VACUUM....**

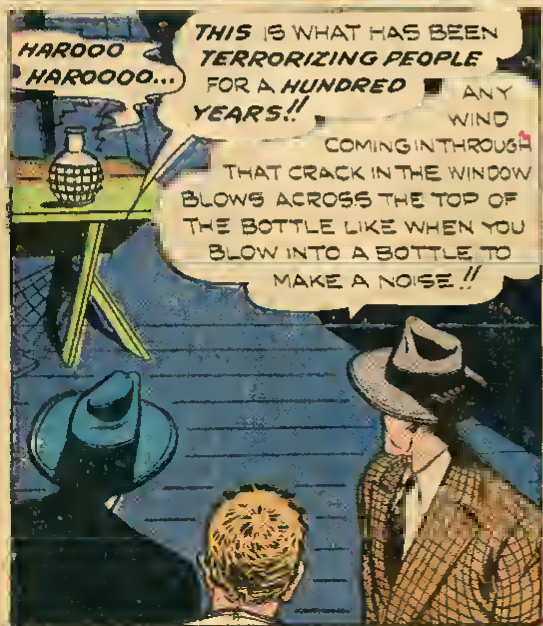
YOU LIVE AND LEARN!



SEE ?!

CRASH!!

MONK! BRING HIM UP HERE. I'VE FOUND THE GHOST...THE **BOTTLE GHOST!!**



HAROOO HAROOOO...

THIS IS WHAT HAS BEEN **TERRORIZING PEOPLE** FOR A **HUNDRED YEARS!!**

ANY WIND COMING IN THROUGH THAT CRACK IN THE WINDOW BLOWS ACROSS THE TOP OF THE BOTTLE LIKE WHEN YOU BLOW INTO A BOTTLE TO MAKE A NOISE!!



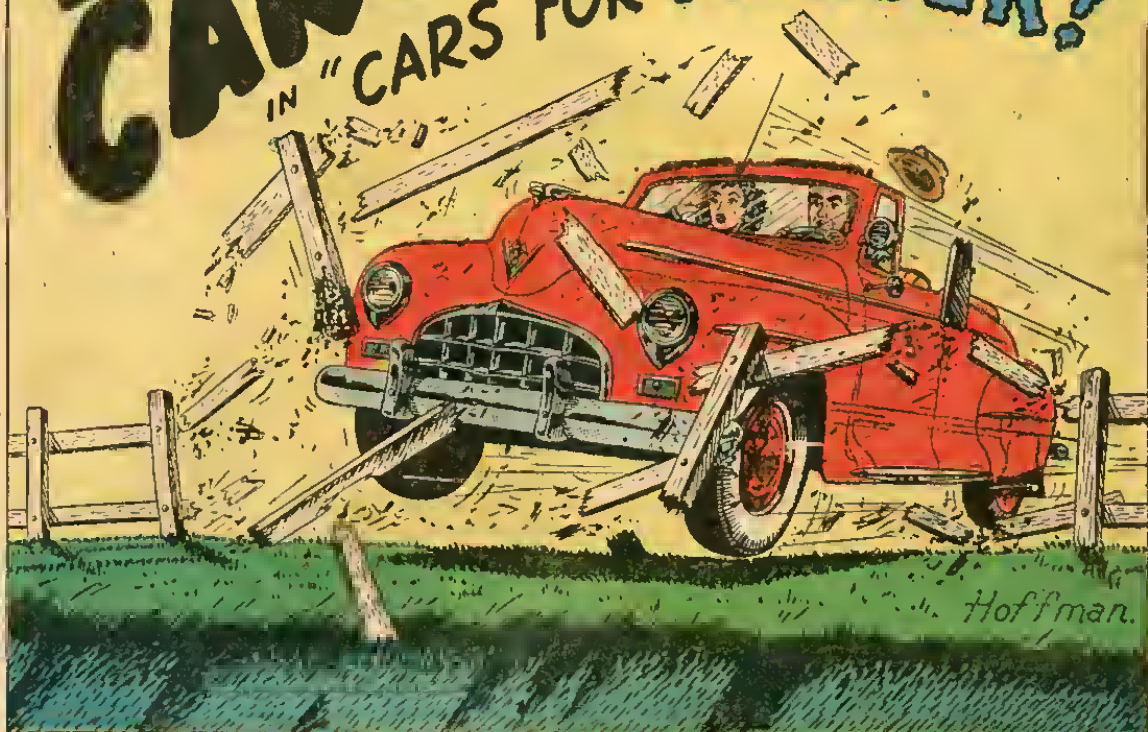
THE NEXT DAY.....

SO THERE WERE **TWO GHOSTS**, THE OLD **BOTTLE GHOST**, AND THAT SICK IN THE HEAD **DRAFT DODGER...** I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH!

A HEALTHY FAMILY LIKE YOU THREE LIVING HERE WILL DRIVE AWAY ALL THE SILLY SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEFS IN GHOSTS... **HAVE FUN!**

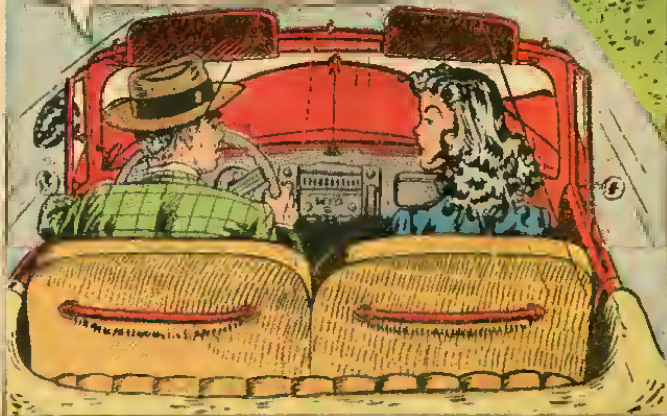
NICK CARTER

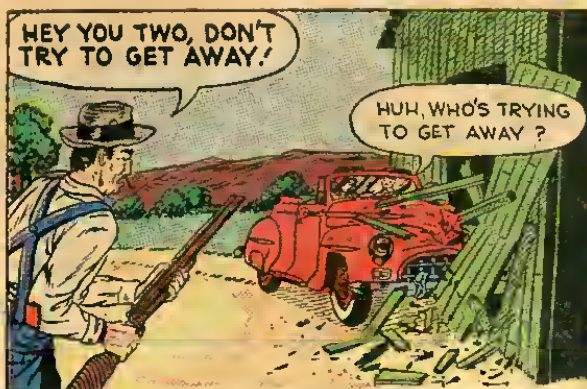
IN "CARS FOR MURDER!"



BOB! THERE IS A CURVE ! WATCH OUT !

NAH ! THERE'D BE A "CURVE"
SIGN AT THE TOP OF THE HILL.





HEY YOU TWO, DON'T TRY TO GET AWAY!

HUH, WHO'S TRYING TO GET AWAY?



YOU YOUNG COWBOYS DONE NEAR A THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH DAMAGE WITH YE'RE CARELESS DRIVING!

A THOUSAND DOLLARS! THE WHOLE BARN ISN'T WORTH THAT!



LISTEN MISTER, YOU'LL GET PAID SOON AS I CAN ARRANGE IT.

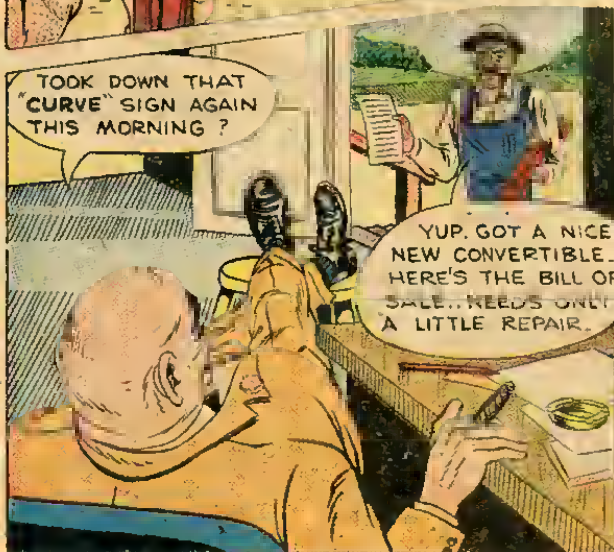
THE NAME'S BANNON, I WANT CASH YOUNG FELLER... NOW... ELSE I'LL MAKE TROUBLE WITH THE POLICE.



BUT I DON'T HAVE THAT MUCH WITH ME!

WELL, I GUESS THAT CAR IS STILL WORTH SOMETHING. I'LL TAKE THAT AND CALL IT QUITS.

WELL, ALL RIGHT MR. BANNON. I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE WITH THE POLICE!



TOOK DOWN THAT "CURVE" SIGN AGAIN THIS MORNING?

YUP. GOT A NICE NEW CONVERTIBLE. HERE'S THE BILL OF SALE... NEEDS ONLY A LITTLE REPAIR.



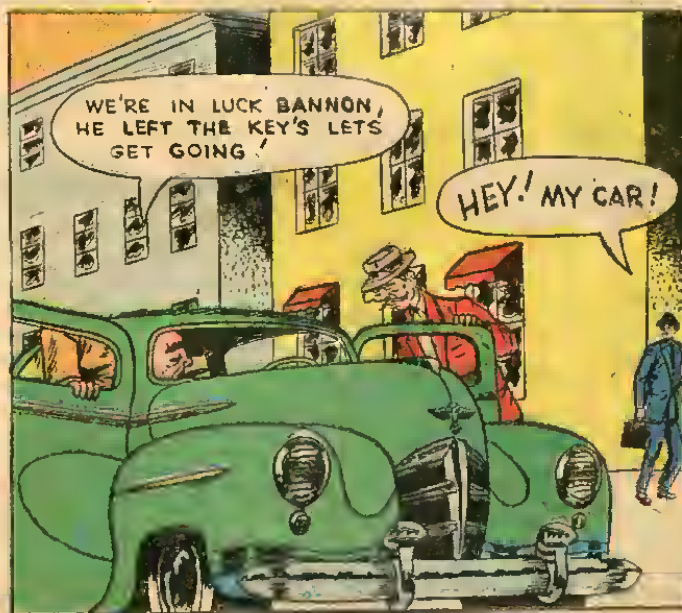
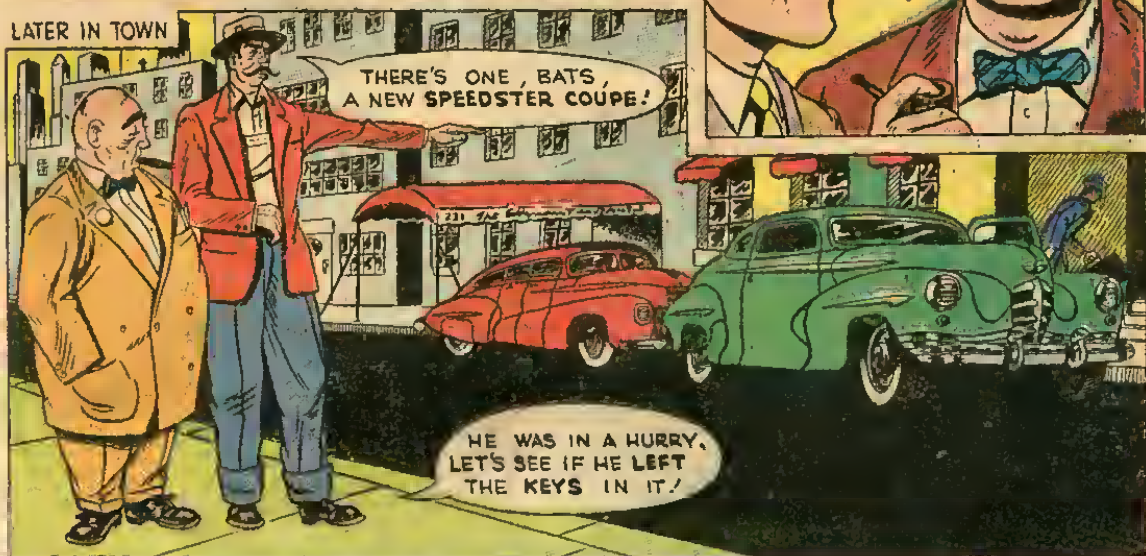
NICE GOIN'. I WISH WE HAD A SPEEDSTER COUPE ON HAND. I'VE GOT A CUSTOMER.

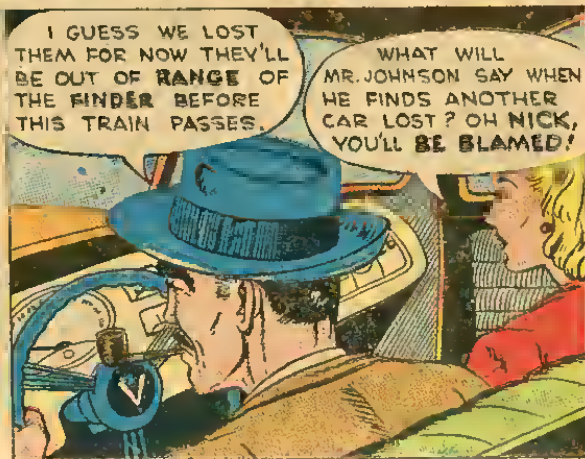
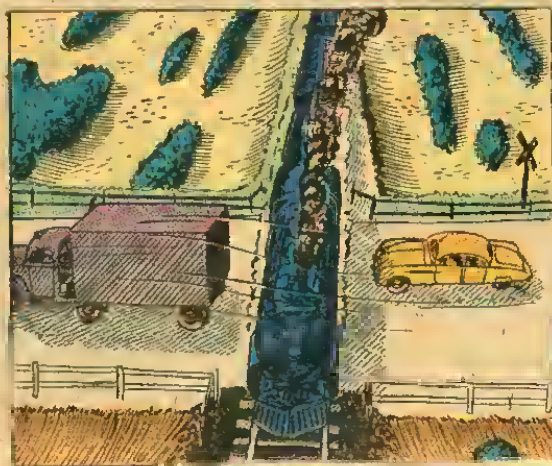
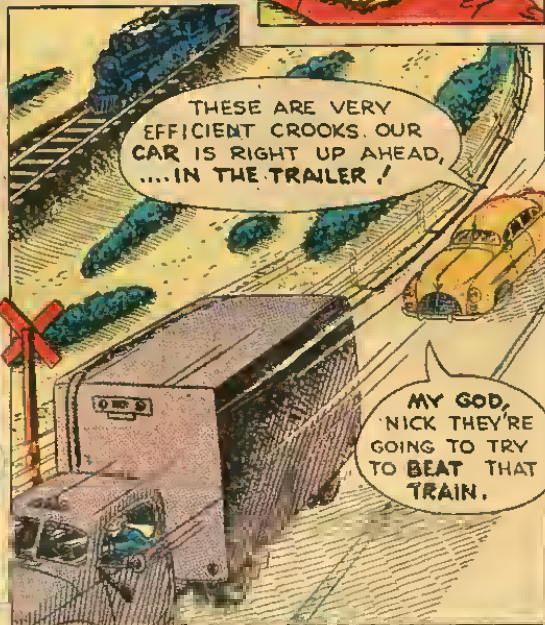
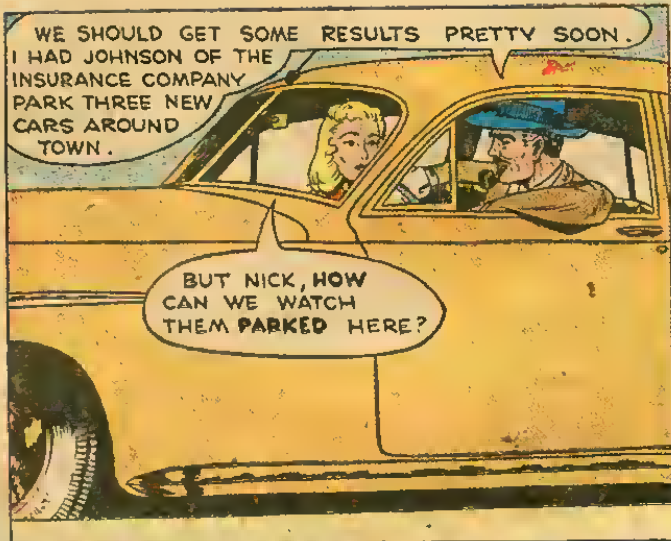
WELL, WE HAVEN'T, BUT WE CAN ALWAYS GET ONE!

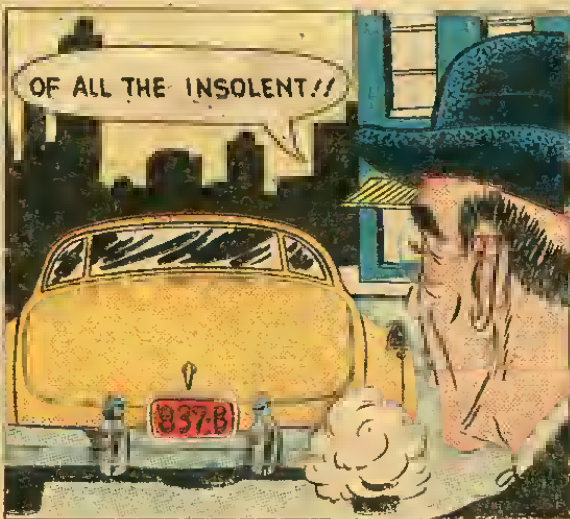
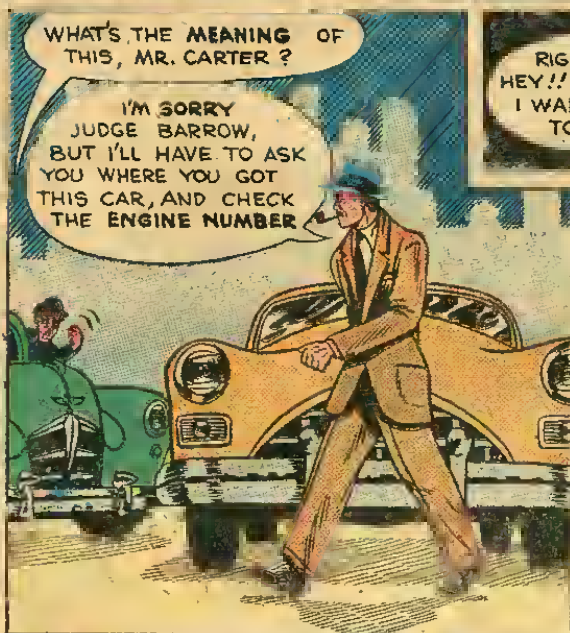
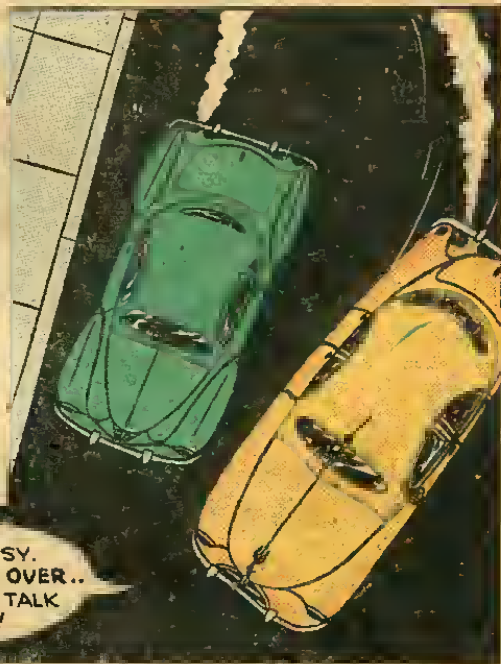
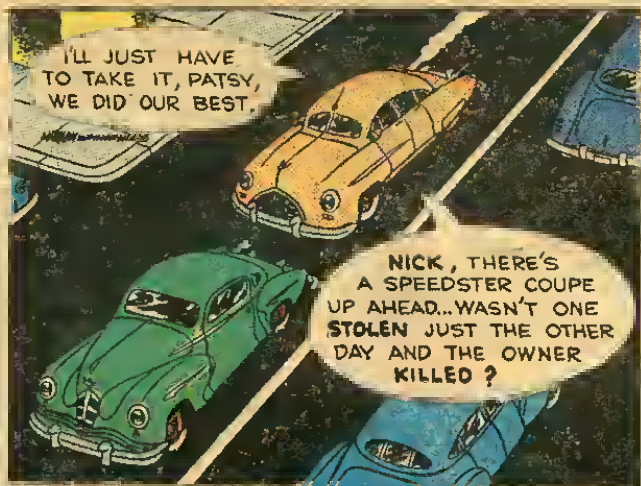
MEANWHILE

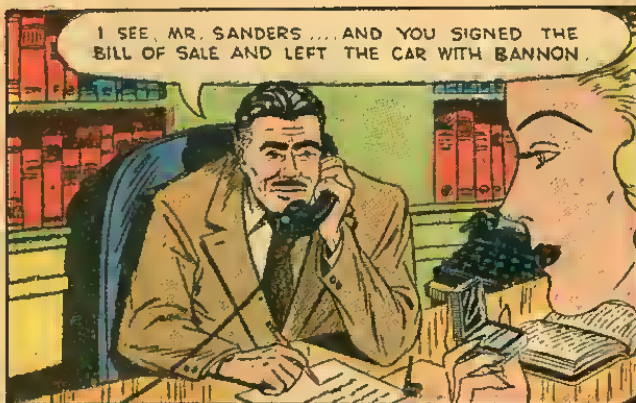


LATER IN TOWN

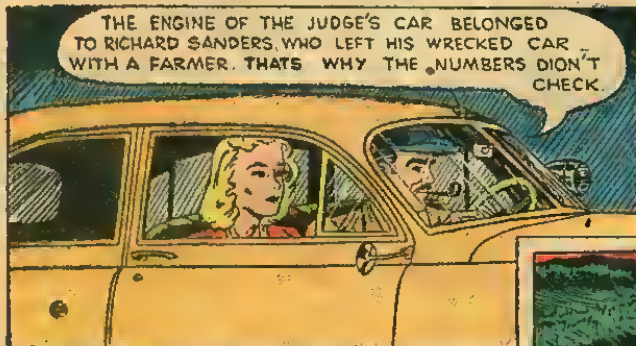








I SEE, MR. SANDERS... AND YOU SIGNED THE BILL OF SALE AND LEFT THE CAR WITH BANNON.

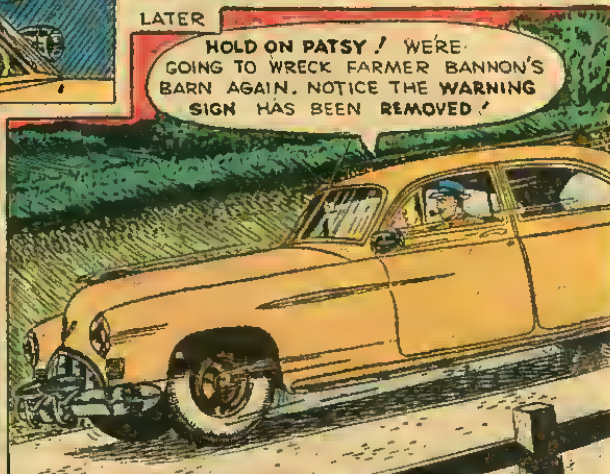


THE ENGINE OF THE JUDGE'S CAR BELONGED TO RICHARD SANDERS, WHO LEFT HIS WRECKED CAR WITH A FARMER. THAT'S WHY THE NUMBERS DIDN'T CHECK.

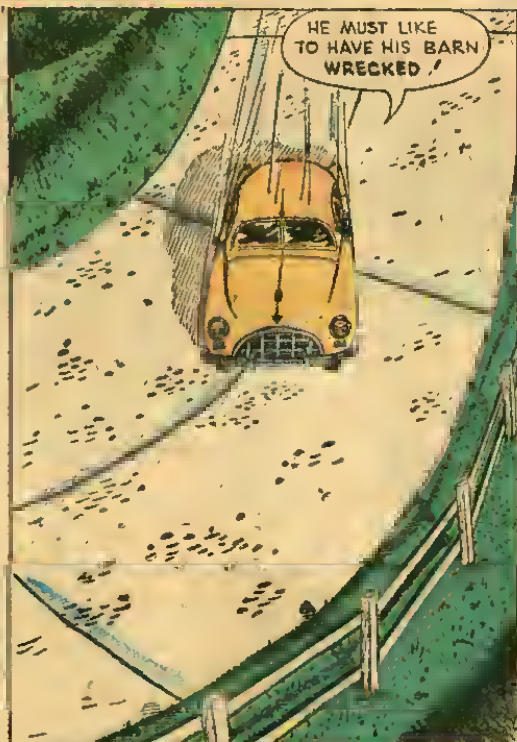


THAT WAS THE STOLEN SPEEDSTER, PATSY. I CHECKED CERTAIN IDENTIFICATION MARKS WITH JOHNSON.

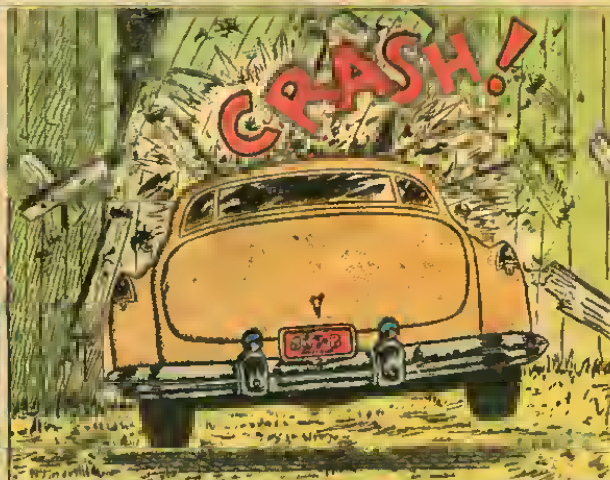
LATER



HOLD ON PATSY! WE'RE GOING TO WRECK FARMER BANNON'S BARN AGAIN. NOTICE THE WARNING SIGN HAS BEEN REMOVED!



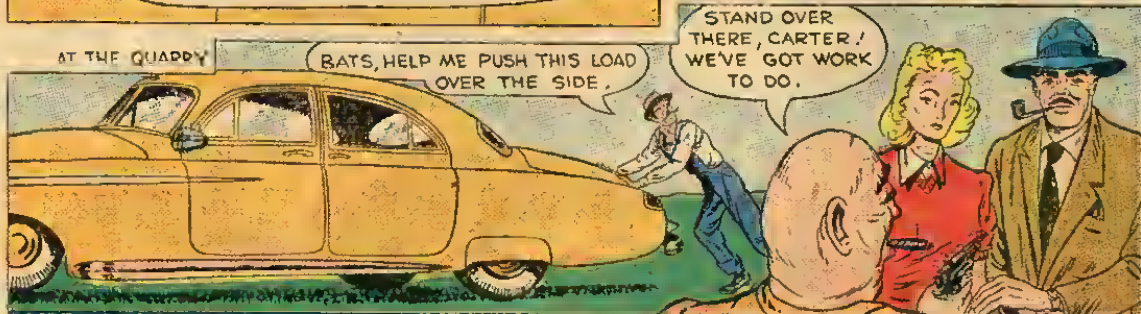
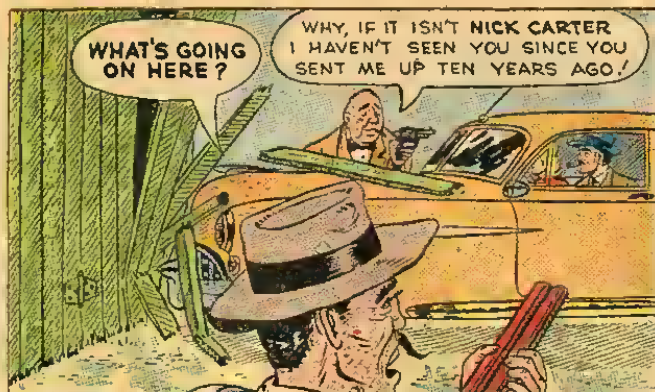
HE MUST LIKE TO HAVE HIS BARN WRECKED!



CRASH!



TUNE IN
EACH WEEK TO **NICK CARTER**
OVER MUTUAL NETWORK

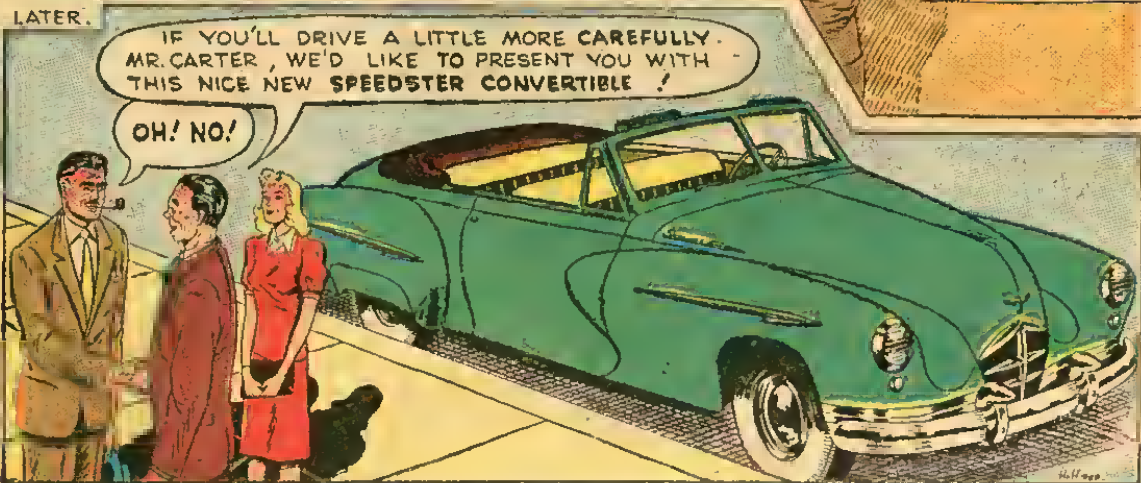
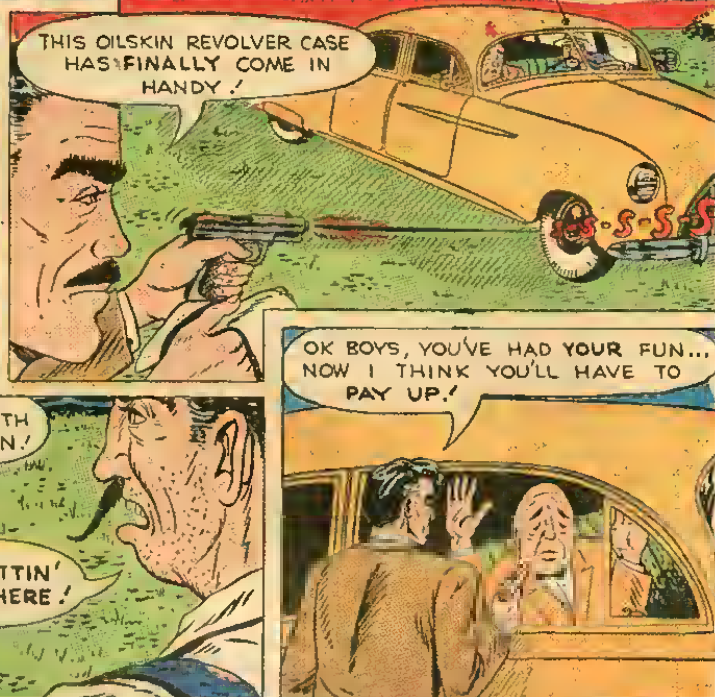
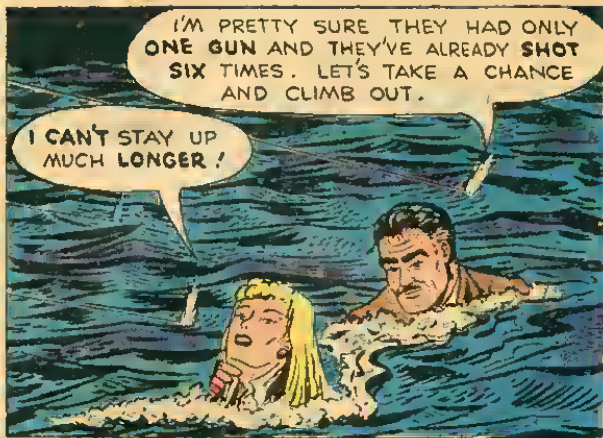
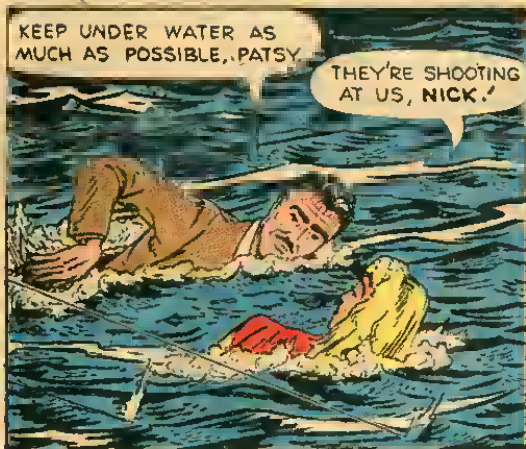


SUNDAY EVENING
6:30 P.M. EST.

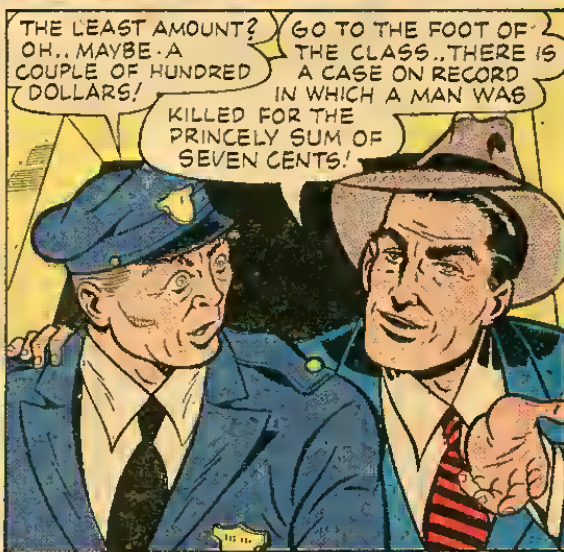
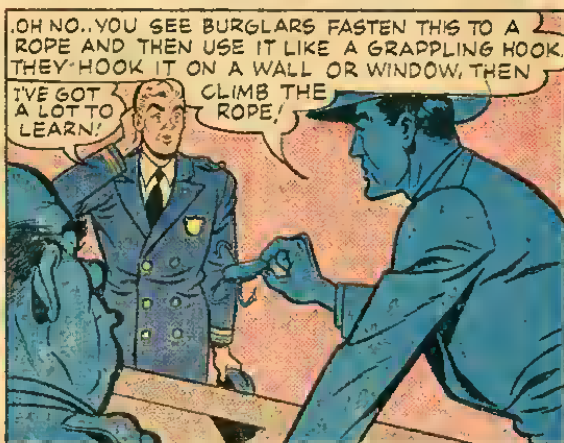
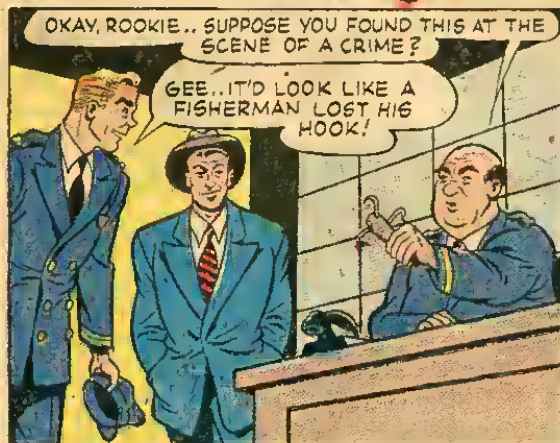
sponsored by

**OLD DUTCH
CLEANSER**





FROM THE *Shadow's* CRIME FILE





WHAT KIND OF CROOK OWNS THIS ROOM? WHY WOULD HE HAVE A FALSE HAND? HE'S GOT TWO HANDS OF HIS OWN!

THERE'S ONLY ONE KIND OF CROOK THAT WOULD USE SUCH AN APPARATUS!



SHOPLIFTERS! THEY HOOK THE PHONEY HAND TO THEIR SLEEVES..IF A SALESMAN LOOKS HE SEES TWO HANDS HANGING..THE REAL HAND COMING OUT HERE, STEALS THE MERCHANDISE AND HIDES IT UNDER THE COAT!

YIPE! I SEE!



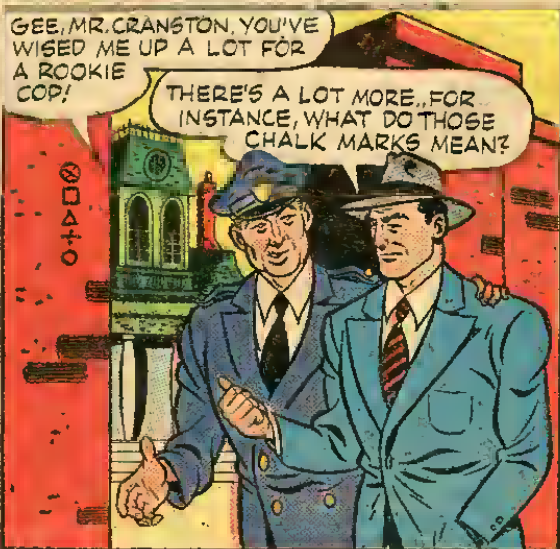
I GOT HIM..THIS IS THE HOTEL SNEAK THIEF WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

G'WAN! I'M CLEAN, YOU CAN SEARCH ME!



SURE HE'S CLEAN..LOT'S OF HOTEL THIEVES USE THIS GAG..THEY LOOT THE ROOM AND THEN TAPE THE LOOT UNDER A DRAWER THIS WAY. THEN IF THEY'RE CAUGHT THERE'S NO EVIDENCE!

IF NOT, THEY COME BACK AND GET IT!



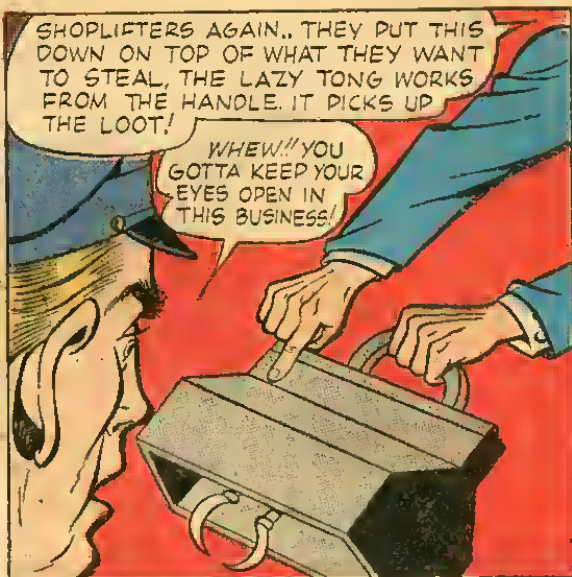
GEE, MR. CRANSTON, YOU'VE WISED ME UP A LOT FOR A ROOKIE COP!

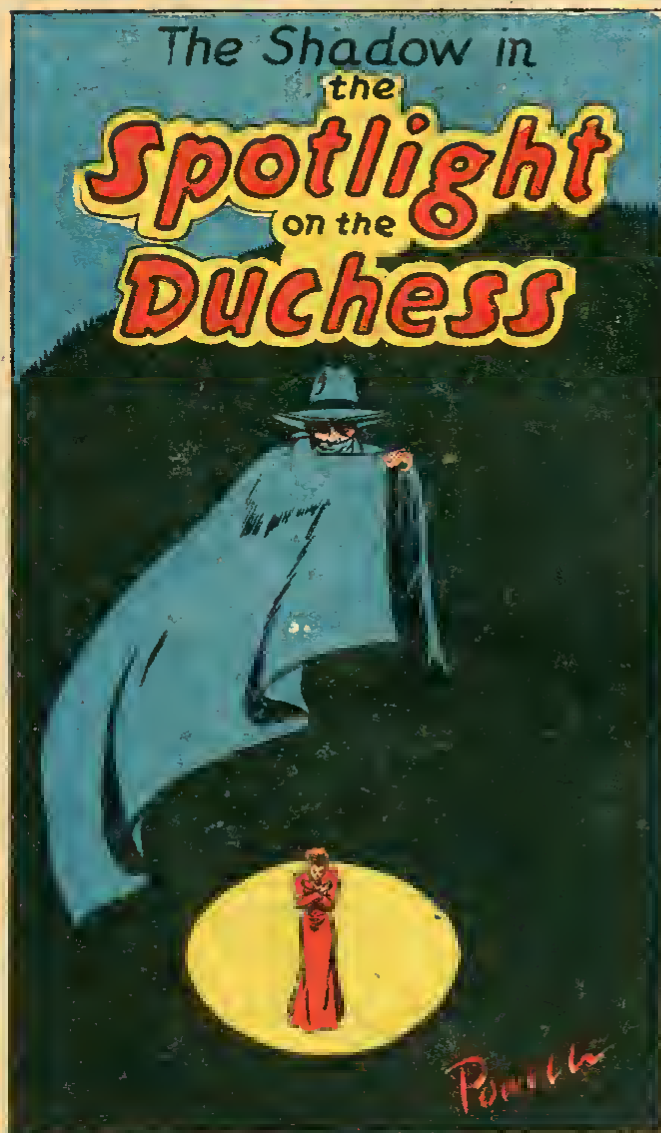
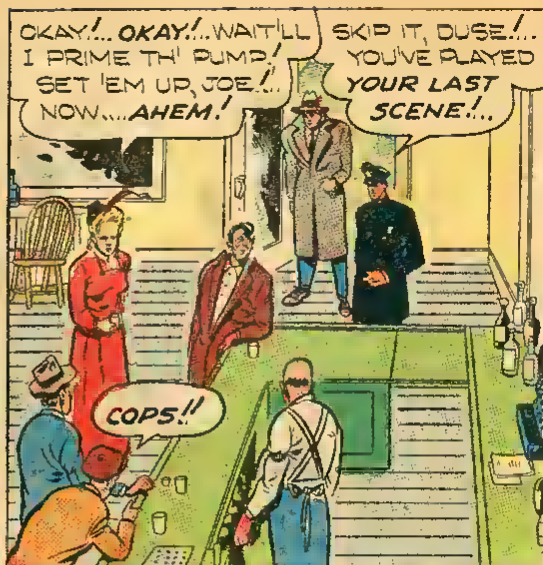
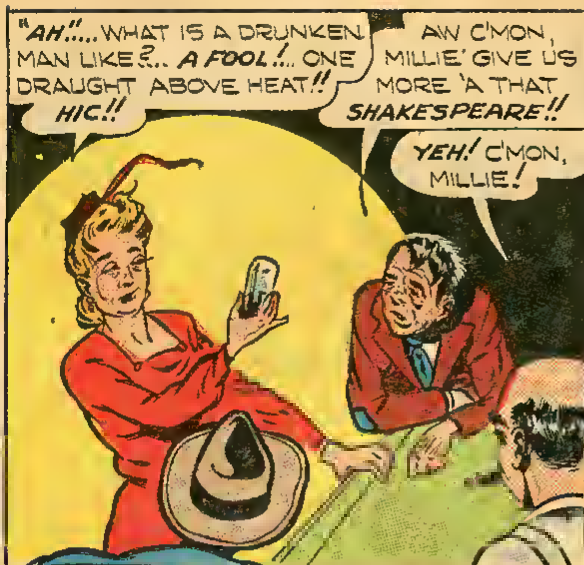
THERE'S A LOT MORE, FOR INSTANCE, WHAT DO THOSE CHALK MARKS MEAN?

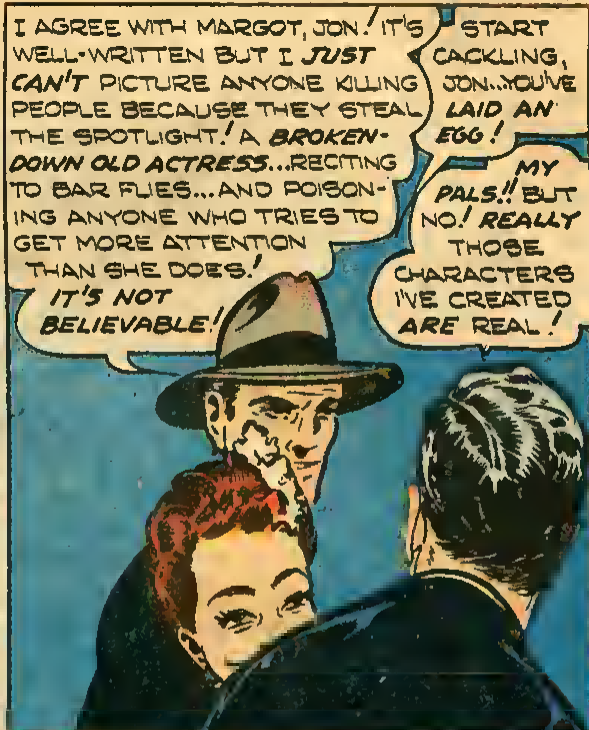
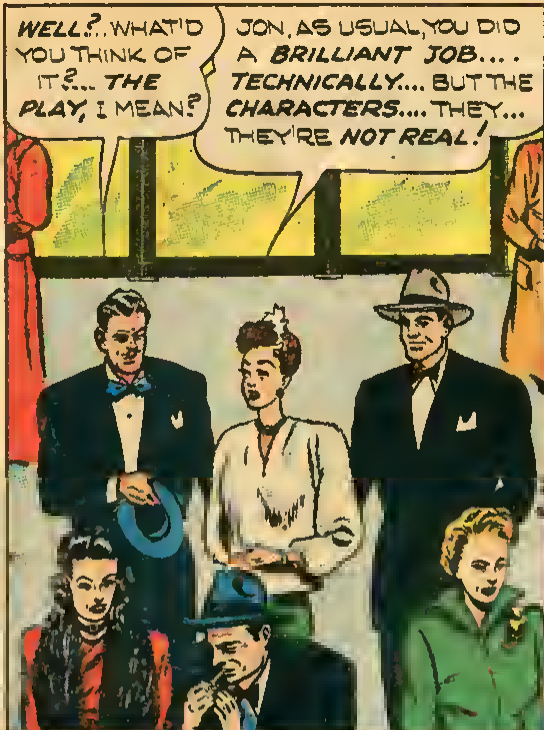


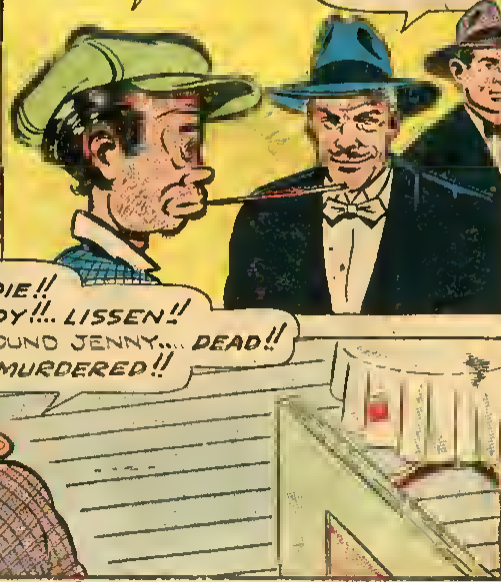
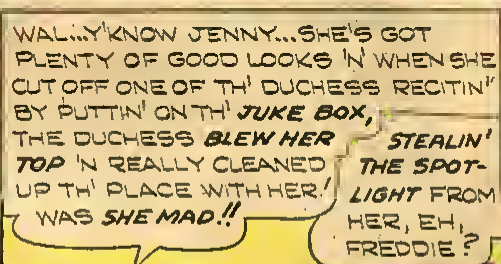
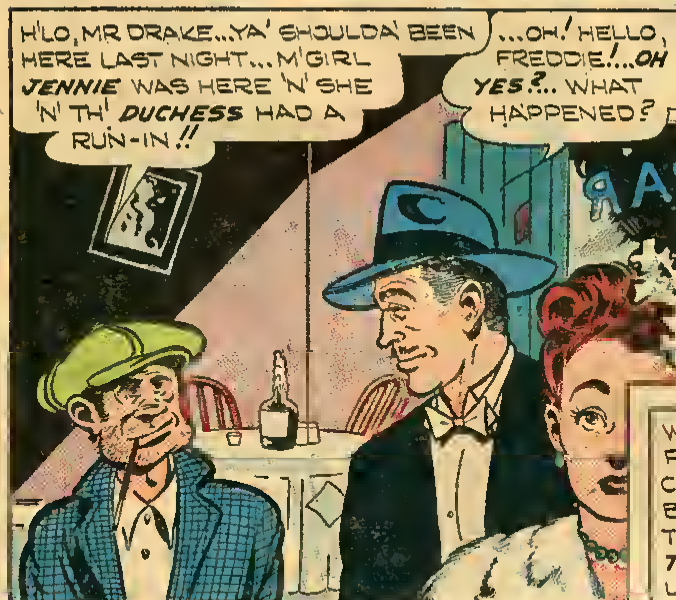
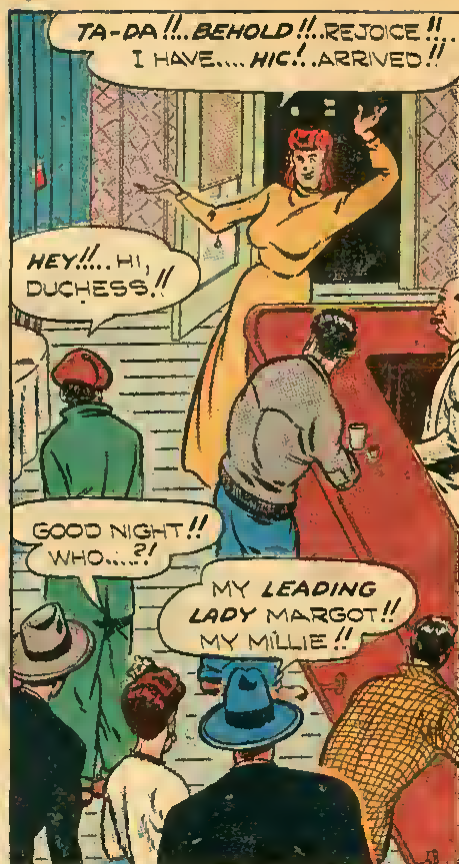
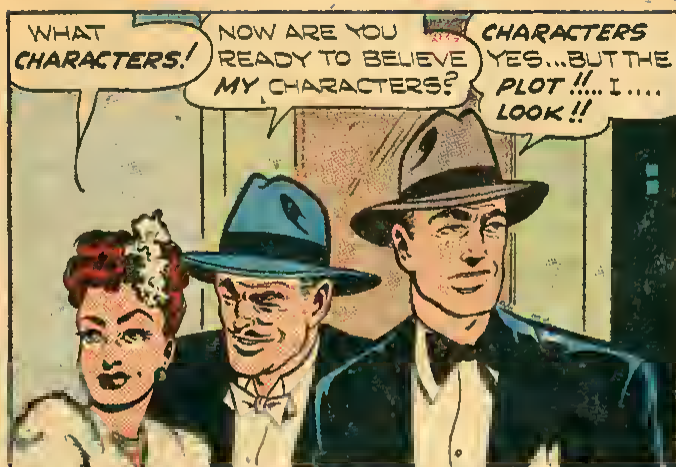
YOU GOT ME, LOOKS LIKE SOME KIDS SCRIBBLED THERE!

OH NO..THOSE ARE TRAMP MARKS..THEY MEAN, "LOOK OUT FOR BUTLER..COOK IS EASY MARK..GIVE HER STORY AND SHE'LL FEED YOU!"





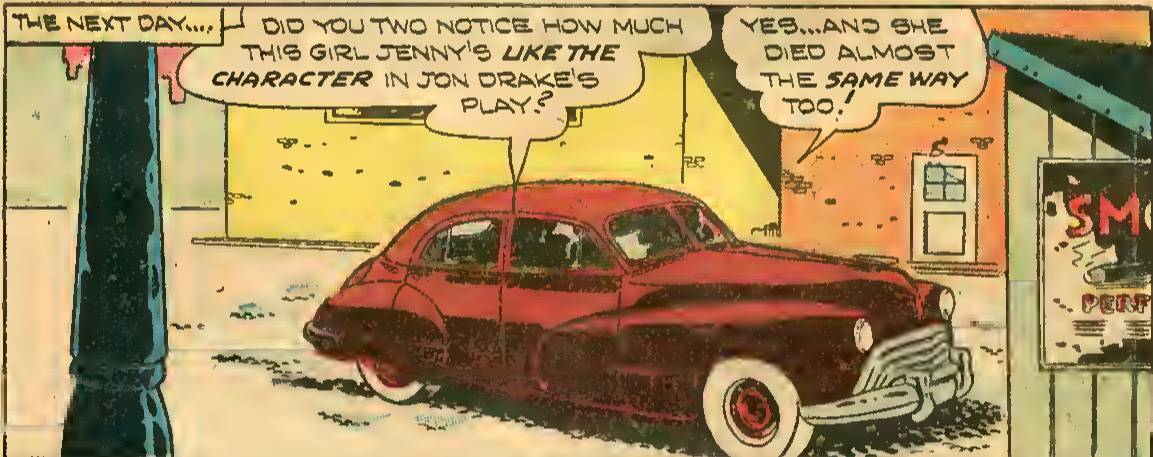




WHA... WHAT HAPPENED?!
THEY FOUND HER IN HER ROOM, DEADER 'N A MACKERAL!.. TH' COPS SAY SOMEBODY KILLED 'ER 'CAUSE 'TH' BOTTLE SHE WAS DRINKIN' OUTA CONTAINED POISON!!..



NOW DOES MY PLOT SOUND SO FANTASTIC, CHUMS?...
DON'T CROW TOO LOUD, JON... THIS IS TOO PAT TO BE COINCIDENCE... AND IF THE POLICE THINK SO TOO, YOU MAY BE IN FOR A QUESTION AND ANSWER SESSION.



THE NEXT DAY... DID YOU TWO NOTICE HOW MUCH THIS GIRL JENNY'S LIKE THE CHARACTER IN JON DRAKE'S PLAY?
YES... AND SHE DIED ALMOST THE SAME WAY TOO!

YEP!... TRUE!... AND WITH TH' PAPER'S PLAYIN' UP THE SHOW AS A VERSION OF TH' REAL LIFE DRAMA, DRAKE STANDS TO MAKE A FORTUNE OUT OF A FLOP PLAY!
WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT, WESTON?



WHAT I'M DRIVING AT IS THAT DRAKE HAD MOTIVE AND OPPORTUNITY AND WHAT I'M DRIVING TO IS THE HOME OF FREDDIE, WHO ACCORDIN' TO TH' PLAY IS NUMBER NEXT ON TH' LIST!
I BELIEVE YOU'RE SERIOUS!





I AM.... HERE'S
FREDDIE'S HOUSE...
UPSTAIRS....

UGH!! WHAT
A HOLE!!



IF YOU EXPECTED TO
FIND A DEAD FRED,
YOU'RE *WRONG*,
COMMISSIONER...
THERE HE
IS NOW!

THERE'S *SOMETHING*
WRONG WITH HIM....



WHAT'S THE MATTER?...
ARE YOU *SICK*??

NO.... AIN'T SICK....
DYIN'!... I'M DYIN'!...
HE.... HE GOT... ME....
TOO... UHHHH....



LAMONT!!!

GOOD GRIEF!!! HE'S
DEAD!!! THIS COLOR
AROUND HIS MOUTH.... HE
WAS POISONED!!



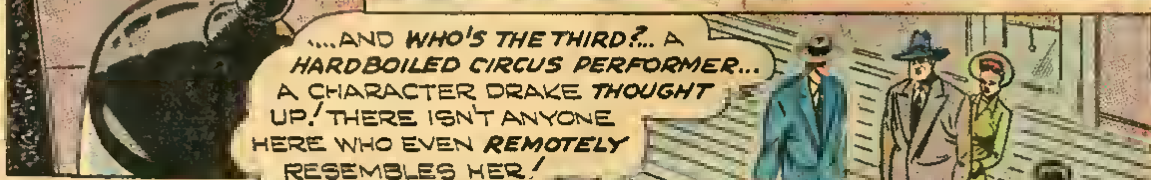
THAT DOES IT!!! NOW I'M SURE...
JONATHAN DRAKE'S JUST
KILLED OFF HIS
SECOND CHARACTER!



THAT NIGHT... I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE GOIN'
TO PROVE BY
BRINGIN' ME
HERE!
I TELL
YOU
DRAKE'S
NOT GUILTY!



WELL, *HE'S GONE!!*
HE'S *RUN AWAY!*
HE'S NOT THE TYPE TO RUN AWAY...
AND ANYWAY THERE WERE
THREE IN THE PLAY
WHO GOT KILLED....



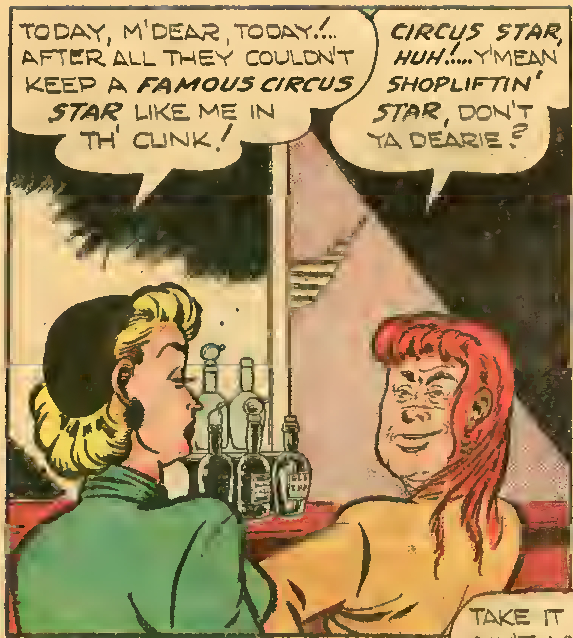
...AND WHO'S THE THIRD?... A
HARDBOILED CIRCUS PERFORMER...
A CHARACTER DRAKE THOUGHT
UP. THERE ISN'T ANYONE
HERE WHO EVEN *RE MOTELY*
RESEMBLES HER!



WELL! IF IT ISN'T MY OLD
PAL, *TH' DUCHESS!*
H...H...H...?
BLANCHE!!
WHEN DID THEY
LET YOU OUT?
YES, *DOGGONE IT!!*
THE ONE....



SO YOUR *THEORY'S*
KNOCKED RIGHT
SMACK INTO A
COCKED HAT!!
THE ONE YOU
PROMISED TO EAT,
DARLING, IF JONATHAN'S
PLOT WAS
TRUE?



TODAY, M'DEAR, TODAY!...
AFTER ALL THEY COULDN'T
KEEP A **FAMOUS CIRCUS**
STAR LIKE ME IN
TH' CUNK!

CIRCUS STAR,
HUH!...Y'MEAN
SHOPLIFTIN'
STAR, DON'T
YA DEARIE?



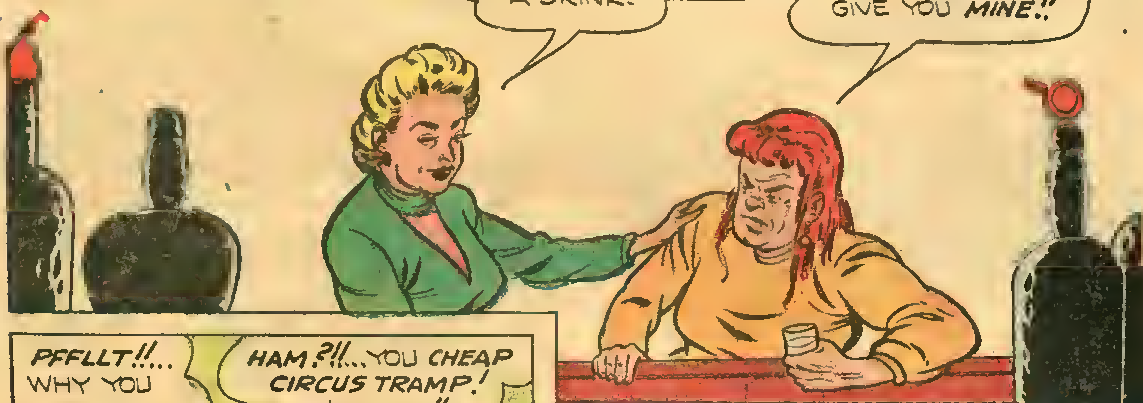
DID YOU HEAR **THAT,**
CRANSTON!! **BLANCHE**
WAS A CIRCUS
PERFORMER!

I...CAN'T
BELIEVE...

OH!
LOOK!

TAKE IT EASY, DUCHESS...
AIN'T YA GONNA **BUY** ME
A DRINK?

NO!...I'M GOING TO
GIVE YOU MINE!!



PFFLLT!!!
WHY YOU
OLD HAM....

HAM?!...YOU CHEAP
CIRCUS TRAMP!
I'LL.....!!



THE EX-CIRCUS PERFORMER!
THE THIRD VICTIM!...THAT'S
IT, CRANSTON!... THAT
COMPLETES THE
PICTURE!!

...TEE HEE!!
WONDER HOW
THAT HAT
WILL
TASTE!?

SOME TIME LATER...

...WHAT A **DETECTIVE!!**
LET'S GO SIT UNDER
THAT **WRONG TREE**
YOU'VE BEEN
BARKING UP!

OH, STOP IT!!! I STILL THINK I'M
'RIGHT!!! I CAN'T BELIEVE JON
IS THE KILLER!!! HIS DIS-
APPEARING LIKE THAT... IT
DOESN'T **RING**
TRUE....



I HAVE A HUNCH THAT
BLANCHE WOMAN KNOWS
SOMETHING AND BY GOSH...
I'M GOING TO FIND OUT...AS
THE SHADOW!!



BLANCHE LA TOUR, YOU'RE FRIGHTENED...
SCARED TO DEATH! BECAUSE YOU KNOW
THAT YOU'RE MARKED TO DIE NEXT...
DON'T YOU?



YEEOW!!!...WHAT TH!...?!!
I MUST BE **DRINKIN'** TOO MUCH!...
I...WHO?...SOMEONE'S IN'
HERE!!! **HELP!!!**
HELP!!!

STOP THAT!! I'LL HELP YOU... BUT
YOU MUST TELL ME
WHO THE KILLER IS... **A...ALLRIGHT...**
TELL ME!!! I...I...WILL...JUS'
LEMME HAVE A
LITTLE D...DRINK...MY
N...NERVES....



AM!...THERE...WELL...I DUNNO **BLANCHE!!**
WHO YOU ARE BUDDY, BUT
THE **KILLER...UGH...THE..**
K...KILL...UH...H...H...



DEAD!!...SNIFF!!...POISON!!...
AND THIS PAPER WRAPPED
AROUND THE BOTTLE...IT'S
THE SAME SPECIAL KIND
THAT JON USES FOR
HIS MANUSCRIPTS!!



BUT WHO ELSE WOULD...??
WAIT!!...THE DUCHESS!!...OF
COURSE!!...SHE FOUGHT
WITH ALL THREE...SHE HAD
MOTIVE...AND I AM
GOING TO PAY HER
A VISIT!!



MACBETH!!...HAD HE NOT
RESEMBLED MY FATHER
AS HE SLEPT...I HAD
DONE IT!!

"I HAVE DONE
THE DEAD...DIDST
THOU NOT HEAR
A NOISE?"



AWK!! WHO?...MY NERVES!

NO, DUCHESS!
THE SHADOW!!...
AND I'VE COME FOR THE
TRUTH!!...DID
YOU KILL
THOSE
THREE!!...
ANSWER!!...



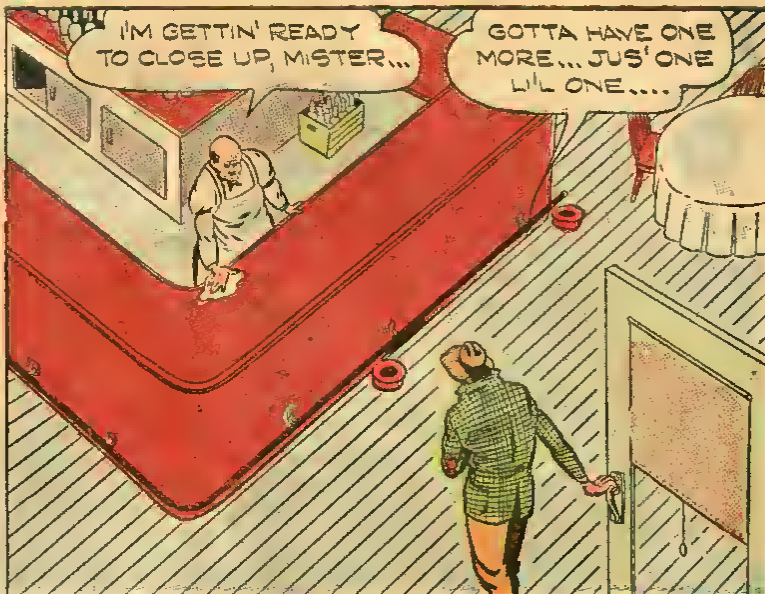
NO! NO! NO!! I SWEAR IT!!
FIND HIM...THE PLAYWRIGHT...
FIND HIM...SEARCH THE
PLACE WHERE THE
MURDERS HAVE BEEN
PLOTED...AND YOU'LL
FIND THE KILLER...HE'S
BEEN THERE
RIGHT ALONG.

AT MIKE'S
BAR?!...
RIGHT!!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

MARGOT?... LAMONT...
LISTEN, GET WESTON
AND MEET ME AT MIKE'S
BAR...AND DON'T BE
SURPRISED IF YOU
DON'T SEE ME...I'LL
BE IN DISGUISE!
YES!...HURRY!

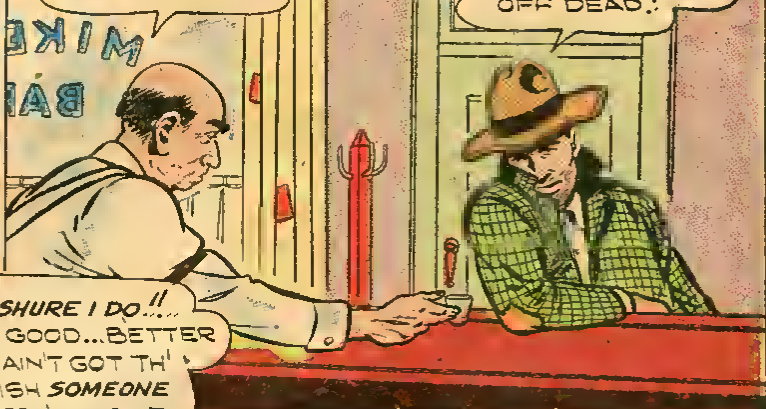


I'M GETTIN' READY
TO CLOSE UP, MISTER...

GOTTA HAVE ONE
MORE... JUS' ONE
L'L ONE....

OKAY... HERE! PLACE
CLEARS OUT EARLY SINCE
TH' TROUBLE...

TH' MURDERSH?... AH...
BETTER OFF DEAD!... ALL
OF 'EM!... BETTER
OFF DEAD!



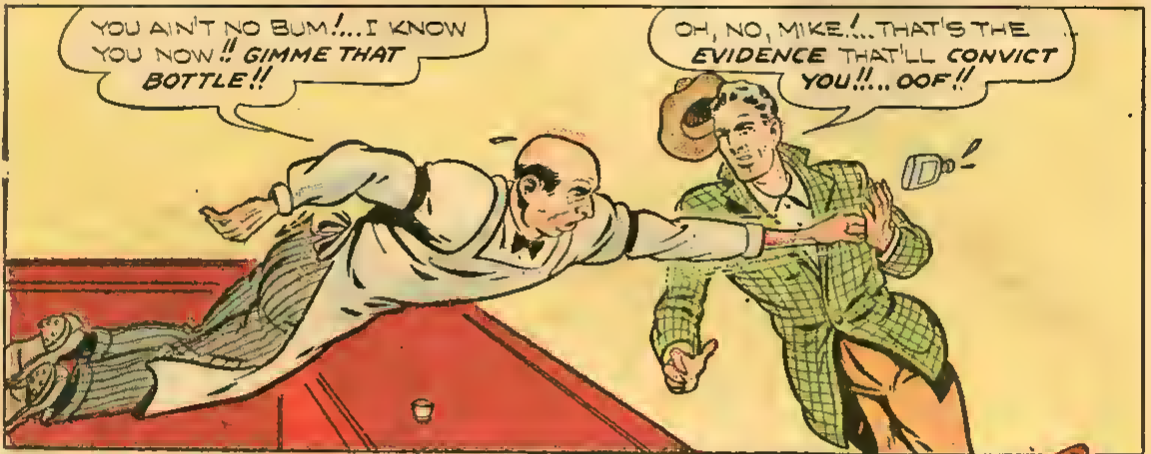
YOU FEEL LIKE THAT
TOO?...

SHURE!!... SHURE I DO!!
LIKE ME...NO GOOD...BETTER
OFF DEAD...AIN'T GOT TH'
NERVE...WISH SOMEONE
HAD SENSE 'NOUGH TO
DO IT FOR US!

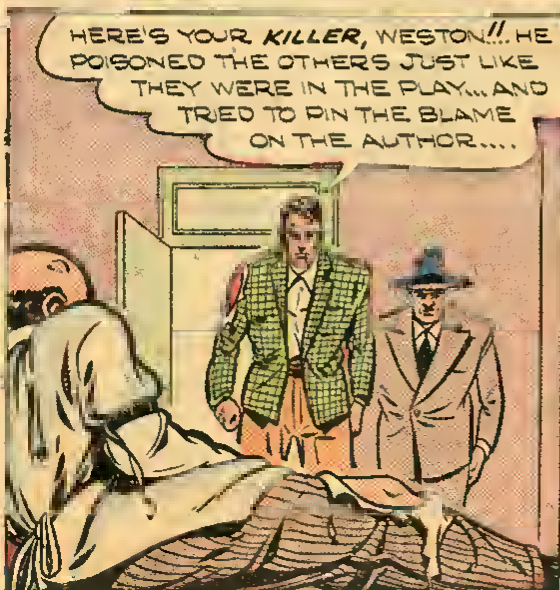
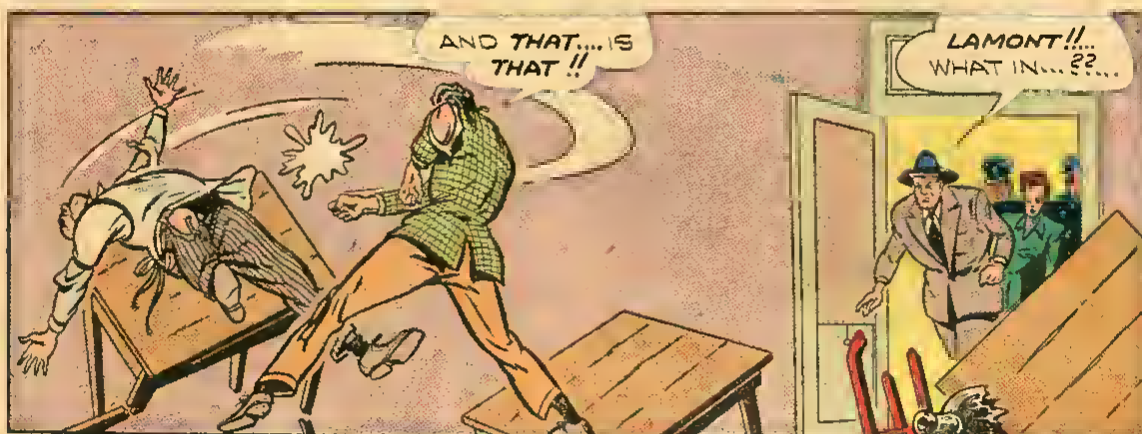
Y' MEAN HE'D BE
KIND OF A BLESSING-LIKE?

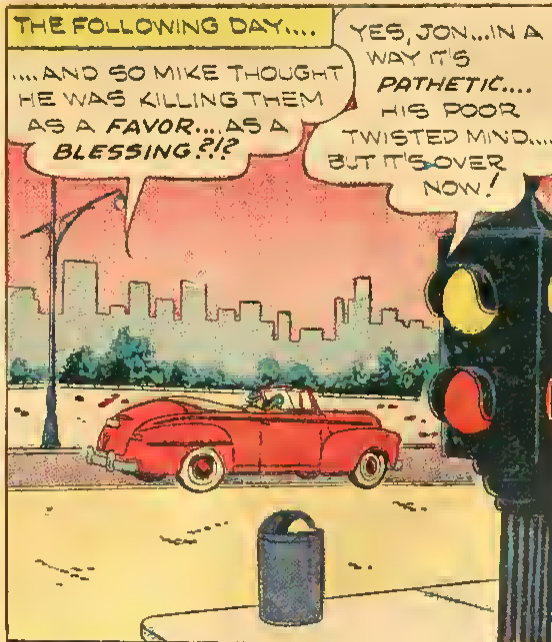
YEP!!... THASS IT!! A
REAL BLESSIN'!!...
WELL... GOTTA
SHOVE OFF!...











THE MURDEROUS SPELLING BEE!

"The killer stood in the doorway and watched his victim. Bedrick, his life's blood ebbing from his pumping heart, reached out feebly for his son's toys.

"His weak fingers scrabbled at the set of spelling blocks. He pulled four of them to him. The killer poised for flight allowed himself the luxury of a sneer. He walked back to the dying man and watched as with his last breath the man tried to spell out a message. His hands were unequal to the task. They fell to the floor.

"The last sight that Bedrick saw as death claimed him was his murderer casually kicking the blocks across the room. His gesture had been a futile one . . ."

Nick Carter paused at this point and said to the members of the Inner Circle, "At least that's the way I reconstruct the scene. No one will ever know really if that was the way it happened. But it seems probable."

Chick Carter, foster son of Nick, said, "If the killer had known that you were going to be called in on the case, dad, he might have done more than kick those four blocks across the room."

Shrugging, Nick said, "It was all a bluff, you realized that, didn't you?"

"Sure but the killer didn't and that was the important thing . . ." Chick said.

"It was an unhappy household that we entered," Nick went on. "Mrs. Bedrick was under a doctor's care for a heart ailment. Their child was in the hospital and the husband and father lay dead in the child's nursery with a bullet in his chest.

"Mrs. Bedrick introduced us to her doctor, a man named Louis Vierre. He left the room

with me and cautioned me that Mrs. Bedrick must be protected at all costs or she too might die. I could see that Dr. Vierre knew what he was talking about. Her lips were purplish grey, sure sign of a bad heart. I promised the doctor that I would hurry the investigation along as much as I could.

"Chick and I left the doctor with his patient and went into the pathetic scene in the nursery. There, on the floor, surrounded by his infant's toys, Mr. Bedrick lay dead.

"The bullet which had killed him was no help, for when the medical examiner had turned in his report it turned out that the .38 bullet had come from Bedrick's own gun. There were no fingerprints on the gun which the killer had thrown on the floor not far from the body.

"I have rarely seen as clueless a scene of violence. It was Chick who pointed out that although most of the alphabet blocks were near the child's crib, four of the blocks were scattered on the far side of the nursery.

"The blocks were certainly very little to go on, but that was all we did have. I examined them. Wooden blocks perhaps two inches square. They were eye witnesses to murder . . . if they could but speak they could name the killer.

"As I looked at the blocks I spelled out the letters on them. L-I-V-E. Four blocks. Four letters. It wasn't till I picked them up and turned them over that I began to get a little excited. On the bottom of each of the blocks there was a thin line of red. The only red in the room was the spreading horrid patch of crimson surrounding Bedrick's body.

"This meant that the blocks had been near

Bedrick. Somehow after Bedrick was shot these blocks were pushed, kicked, thrown, I couldn't know how, away from the body, away from the stain . . ."

Chick interrupted, "I stood there and watched dad. He stared at the blocks, then set them out in a row. Instinctively I spelled out the word he formed. The letters spelled 'live.' Nick seemed dissatisfied. He rearranged the letters. This time they spelled, 'veil.' He stared at this formation for a while then scowled. He rearranged them a third time and looked even more unhappy. This time the combination of the same four letters spelled, 'evil.'"

"Evil it was. An evil, wicked crime," Nick said. "But the word didn't help."

"Sure it did. It cracked the case for you!" Chick kidded his foster father.

"Not for a couple of days it didn't." Nick turned to the members of the Inner Circle and said, "You understand that operating as a free lance operator I can do things that the police can't. But just so the police with their official machinery can get results which would be impossible for me acting by myself."

"The police dug around in the background of the people involved. They saw Mr. Bedrick's will. That supplied the motive. Without that I don't think I ever would have won out in this murderous spelling bee!"

"G'wan," Chick kidded, "sure you would have, that just helped, that's all."

"Knowing the motive from the will," Nick went on as though Chick hadn't interrupted, "I framed up a bluff. I went out and got an actor friend of mine to help: I cued him on what he was to do."

"I didn't want to upset Mrs. Bedrick so I set up the scene in Dr. Vierre's office. Chick, a police lieutenant and my actor friend and I all arrived at the doctor's office at eight o'clock. I took the initiative. I introduced the actor as an eye witness to the crime."

"I said that he had been passing by the Bedrick home on the night of the murder. I said too, that he was a burglar and that he had been 'casing' the house when to his astonishment he saw a murder committed in

front of his startled eyes. At that point I had my actor friend take over."

"He described looking into the nursery and seeing two men, one of whom had a gun in his hand. He said that the killer shot Bedrick in the back. Then he described the scene that I have already pictured for you of the dying man reaching out for his child's spelling blocks."

"As my friend told his convincing lie I watched the doctor. There was no sign of a crack in his stern, set poker face. I took the baby's blocks from a package and placed them in front of my friend. I asked him to spell out, with the blocks, what he had seen the dying man spell."

"The actor took the blocks and didn't spell evil, or veil, or live. He spelled what Bedrick had tried to spell. He laid the blocks out slowly one by one . . . L. Vie . . ."

Chick said, "Right then the fireworks went off. Nick said 'You see, doctor, we know that Bedrick was trying to spell your name. L. for Louis . . . Vie . . . the beginning of Vierre. But you interrupted his spelling.'"

"That broke him. It completely convinced him that the eyewitness was legitimate. He signed a confession," Nick said.

"Beef," Chick said, "still looks worried. Is it about the motive?"

Nodding Beef said, "Yes, what was in the will? Why would a doctor commit a murder?"

"For money I'm afraid," Nick said solemnly. "You see, Bedrick had named the doctor as his executor in the event of his and his wife's death. The doctor knew how ill Mrs. Bedrick was and hoped that the shock of her husband's death would kill her too. That would have left the doctor in control of the infant's fortune!"

Nick said grimly, "And I fear that the infant would not have lived too long under the gentle doctor's care!"

"Ugh," Chick said, "it was a nasty case all around. The doctor committed suicide before he was brought to trial."

"Next month," Nick said in conclusion, "I'll try to have a more cheerful story to tell you."

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IT PULLS ON
OVER THE
HEAD LIKE
A DIVER'S
HELMET



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SOME FUN WITH THE
GANG TONIGHT AT
THE MASQUERADE



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